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The New REPUBLIC

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Wednesday February 19, 1930

The New Individualism
by JOHN DEWEY

Mexico and the Communists
by CARLETON BEALS

America Blocks Disarmament
EDITORIAL

Battleships in the Conference
by H. N. BRAILSFORD

The 12-Hour Day in Steel
by E. M. HARTL and E. G. ERNST

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> In our little world we cannot look unmoved upon this crisis. We have not only a right but a duty to put the imponderable power of public opinion behind an urgent plea to the Indian people to persist in the nonviolent paths in which they have chosen to lead mankind, and to the British government to justify confidence in its zeal and capacity as the pioneer of peace by agreement and good will.

If Ramsay MacDonald were a free agent in regard to India, no such appeal would be necessary. Since his hands are so largely tied, and since the danger of a world-shaking explosion in India is so great, it is well that peace-lovers everywhere should put themselves on record against the impending danger.

ON February 4, President Hoover issued to the press a remarkably liberal statement concerning future American policy in Haiti. He declared that the forthcoming commission would investigate when and how to withdraw from Haiti, and what to do in the meantime. Pointing out that the treaty of 1915, under which we govern Haiti, expires in 1936, he significantly stated, "We have no mandate to continue the present relationship after that date." He added that he had no desire "for representation of the American government abroad through our military forces," and finished by declaring, "We need now a new and definite policy looking forward to the expiration of our treaties." President Hoover has thus come close to committing himself to the evacuation of the island by 1936; and he has shown that he realizes that the present system of administration must be radically changed before Haiti becomes really self-governing.

AFTER all this, it was something of an anti-climax when the personnel of the President's Haiti commission was announced. Its chairman is W. Cameron Forbes, Boston banker, who was governor-general of the Philippines before the World War. He was a member of the Wood-Forbes commission in 1921 which reported not only against Philippine independence but also in favor of strengthening the powers of the American governor-general in the islands. A second member of the Commission is Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, an ex-soldier and diplomat whose views on Latin America have been regarded as decidedly conservative. The other members of the commission are journalists: Elie Vezina, of Rhode Island, a French Canadian; James Kearney, of Trenton, a friend of Woodrow Wilson, and William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas. With the possible exception of Mr. White, the commission contains no members of known sympathies toward Haiti or toward the Negro race generally. Neither is there any Negro member.

THE reason for this omission, according to President Hoover, was the opposition of President Borno. The latter's distrust of American Negroes undoubtedly is due to the fact that Mr. Borno has disparaged the capacity of his own people for self-government in order to curry favor with the American authorities—a fact which Negroes everywhere resent. Nevertheless, if President Hoover can appoint a Negro to the international commission of inquiry to Liberia, we see no reason why such an appointment should not have been made in the case of Haiti. President Hoover's lame political compromise, in appointing a group of American Negro educators, headed by Major Moton of Tuskegee, to make a special separate investigation of Haiti's educational problem, is as unsatisfactory as such compromises, dictated by political expediency, always are.

LATIN-American politics remain Latin-American politics. Within the past week, there have been two attempts at political assassination, the victims being the Vice-President of Brazil and the newly inaugurated President, Ortiz Rubio, of Mexico. Fortunately, neither attempt was successful. Whether the young Mexican, Daniel Flores, who tried to kill Ortiz Rubio was a Communist, a Vasconcelist, a religious fanatic or a person of unbalanced mind, is not yet known. The incident has been made the occasion for renewed activities against the Communists, but the situation in Mexico (described by Mr. Carleton Beals elsewhere in this issue of The New Republic) is such that the police would probably move against the Communists even if they knew that this group had nothing to do with the attempt on the President's life. We hope Flores may prove to be an irresponsible individual who acted on his own initiative; despite the legitimate criticism of the present Mexican regime, both as to the character of the election and its subsequent acts, it would be a profound tragedy for that country if it were to fall back into the era when force was the only law.

SENATOR BORAH is apparently doing his best to report out the Pan-American treaty on arbitration. Progress has been obstructed within the Foreign Relations Committee by two leading Democrats, Senators Swanson and Walsh (of Montana). Mr. Swanson urges a reservation excluding from arbitration all disputes except those arising under treaties which shall be signed in the future. Under this reservation, it would be impossible to arbitrate important disputes with Panama, Cuba or Haiti arising from treaties already in force. Senator Walsh insists that the Senate should have the right to pass upon the *compromis,* or special agreement under which a given dispute is referred to arbitration. Both of these reservations strike at the heart of compulsory arbitration. If the Senate accepts them, it will deprive the convention of much of its value. New fuel will be added to the fires of Latin-American criticism of the United States. Once more—and with reason—we should be accused of accepting "principles" only on condition that they shall not interfere with any of our desires. It is

surprising that the movement to emasculate this treaty should come from leaders of a party which at one time was outstanding in its support of international progress and good will.

THE controversy over the increase in New York telephone rates, which is likely to lead to a major crisis in utility regulation, has already had one significant result. Chairman Prendergast of the Public Service Commission has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted by Governor Roosevelt. The ostensible reason for the resignation is a difference of opinion between the chairman and the Governor concerning the function of the Commission. The Commission being a "quasi-judicial" body, Mr. Prendergast has emphasized its "judicial," to the virtual exclusion of its "quasi" character. He believes that it should be entirely independent of the executive branch of the government, and that it should make no move on its own initiative to protect the consumer, but should wait for cases to come before it and then should act merely as a court adjudicating between litigants. Governor Roosevelt believes, on the contrary, that the Commission should be vigilant in protecting the consumers' rights, of course being careful not to be unjust to the utilities. How little regard Mr. Prendergast has had for the interest of the consumer in regulation was dramatically emphasized some months ago when he declined even to hear the argument of a committee of consumers who were protesting against the Consolidated Gas merger. Under Mr. Prendergast, the prestige and usefulness of the Commission suffered greatly, and there was no agency consistently watchful of the consumers' rights. We believe his theory of the function of the Commission was wrong; but even if it were right, it would serve merely to emphasize the inadequacy of regulation as it has been practised. It would show the hollowness of the utilities' contention that simply because rates are subject to commission control, the public is fairly treated.

INTERPRETATIONS of the recent reduction in the rediscount rates of the Central Banks—in Paris to 3 percent, in London to 4½ percent, in New York to 4 percent—may be as many as there are degrees of optimism or pessimism. Low bank rates usually accompany an industrial depression. From this point of view they are a sign that borrowers are not avid for money, simply because they do not know how to use it profitably in production and trade. From another point of view, low bank rates are a hopeful sign, because they indicate that the supply of credit is ample and that business men who need loans may readily obtain them. Thus they presage industrial recovery. But the true bearing of low rates cannot be perceived by any such simple analysis. Interest may be low without stimulating business, or high without retarding it. The plans of producers and merchandizers do not depend mainly on the ease with which they can borrow money. The only thing we can say with certainty is that at least the banking system is in a healthy condition and offers no obstruction to revival. Whether, and how far, business will actually revive, depends in the main on other factors.

TWO Negroes, John Young and his wife La Tosca, were recently tried in an Oklahoma district court for the killing of a federal prohibition agent who had entered their house with a faulty warrant and a drawn revolver. Their trial was a conflict not merely between two attorneys, but also between two American folkways, old and new. According to the old folkway of the South, any Negro who killed a white man under any circumstances whatsoever was certain to be convicted by a white jury —if he reached the courtroom alive. According to the new folkway, any American, white or black, who kills a prohibition agent under circumstances that can be construed as self-defense, is regarded as something of a hero. The result of this conflict was a prompt acquittal. That the new folkway should have triumphed, even in a state whose sympathies are conspicuously Dry and Southern, shows the intensity of the present revolt against prohibition enforcement.

America Blocks Disarmament

IT IS revealed by Secretary Stimson's statement in London on February 6, by Premier MacDonald's on February 7, and by the subsequent developments, that the United States is now the principal barrier to drastic reduction of aggressive fighting ships and fighting expenditure. Unless a striking and unforeseen change takes place, Mr. Hoover will have surrendered to the admirals and the big navy forces; he will have broken his Armistice Day promise. We shall retire from the conference, even if a limitation treaty is negotiated, with a large building program instead of the substantial economies which might have been achieved if the position of our delegates had been different. The onus for the failure of the conference to bring about reduction will rest almost solely on the American delegates and the Washington administration.

From the beginning of the effort to bring about naval limitation, the official position of the United States government has been that it was perfectly willing, even anxious, to reduce, if other nations would do likewise. Everyone acknowledged the general difficulty of the problem, but the specific causes of our reluctance to disarm were laid in turn at the doors of others. In the first place, we insisted on "parity" with Great Britain. The failure of our negotiations with her at Geneva was supposed to be due to her refusal to grant what we conceived to be parity. We then authorized a fifteen-cruiser program to bring her to reason; even sincere reductionists felt that this was a necessary preliminary to conversion of the British Admiralty

to parity and hence to limitation of cruisers by agreement. When, through the MacDonald government, Britain had explicitly sanctioned parity with us, it was said that the inability of both nations to go further in the matter of limiting cruisers was due to the obduracy of France. France was unreasonable also about submarines. And France in turn was checked by the ambitions of Italy.

There is no denying the perplexities caused by these complications. But in one category no such complications exist. And that happens to be both the most belligerent and the most expensive category of all. We refer, of course, to battleships. The Washington conference has left us with eighteen of these fighting monsters, which now cost approximately $23,000,000 each to build, and which are terrifically expensive to maintain in commission. If we had to build no more of them, and if the cost of supporting them were cut off, our naval expenses would be lessened more than by reduction in any other category.

The only navies with modern battleship fleets of any magnitude are those of the United States, Great Britain and Japan. France and Italy are not building them and do not want them. At the beginning of the London conference, Mr. MacDonald gave a clear intimation of his willingness to go far in the direction of doing away with the battleship, if not of abolishing it altogether. His trial balloon met with no favorable response in Washington; rather it seemed to be resented. Mr. Stimson's statement of February 6 said on this subject merely: "In battleships we suggest by reduction in number on both sides to equalize our two fleets in 1931 instead of in 1942. At present the British battleship fleet contains two more vessels than ours." This means only a reduction to fifteen vessels each, of the present size. Mr. MacDonald's statement of the following day agreed to the Stimson proposal of immediate equalization, further proposed no replacement of existing ships before the next conference in 1935, and left the door open for discussion of his original position by declaring that his government "would wish to see an agreement by which battleships will in due time disappear altogether, as it considers them a very doubtful proposition, in view of their size and cost and of the development of the efficacy of air and submarine attack." The only response to this advance has been the unofficial news that our delegation objects to the proposed building holiday, and wants to make at least one replacement before 1935 by launching a brand new 35,000-ton, $23,000,000 battleship.

The position of Japan is uncertain, but the American proposal for replacement is reported to have caused her great uneasiness and influenced her in favor of battleship abolition. The United States is thus isolated in her opposition to abolishing battleships—the other four out of the five powers would undoubtedly consent to it. This refusal of our delegation makes a mockery of the frequent American protestations which represent us as the leader in disarmament, checked only by other and more militaristic powers. It makes a mockery of President Hoover's declaration on Armistice Day: "Proper defense requires military strength relative to that of other nations. We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us."

Even if there were no Kellogg Pact, even if there were no doubt of the battleship's efficacy under modern conditions, even if only strategic considerations ruled, what possible reason could there now be for insisting on a battleship fleet? The Stimson and MacDonald statements of February assure us that there will be parity in cruisers; indeed, the United States will probably have an actual superiority in the larger cruisers which are regarded as the only vessels of offensive fighting power other than capital ships. No other navy can possibly possess any threat against which battleships would be a defense, except battleships themselves. And, in this category, our parity with the strongest of the other navies is bound to be maintained in any case. What difference in defensive strength does it make whether we have fifteen against fifteen, ten against ten, or none against none?

If the reluctance of our delegation to give way on battleships was feigned, to furnish a bargaining point against other nations which do not desire them, the necessity for maintaining this bluff has certainly disappeared. It was a feeble bargaining point at best, since France will not build battleships in any case, and would surrender nothing in her submarine or cruiser program in exchange for our consent. And Great Britain's cruiser and destroyer needs are admittedly governed by the attitude of France. There is now no difference between the United States and Great Britain on any other category sufficient to cause us to set up the battleship disagreement as an offset.

Unless some change in this matter should occur, it looks to us as if the big navy men in the United States had at last been smoked out in their ultimate, unreasonable refusal to reduce. In every other category they have been able to find a scapegoat; our navy has kept on growing because other nations declined to disarm. But here there is no scapegoat, and we refuse to disarm anyway. To scrap the battleships would offend the experts and the admirals; it would throw officers out of work; it would reduce the demands on shipyards and steel companies; it would set screaming the hysterical chauvinists like The Chicago Tribune and its following; it would deprive the news reels of one of their best features. Mr. Hoover is apparently too timid to incur the enmity of these forces, even in defense of his own honor. He expects to get away with the outcome, even though he has to plunge ahead pouring millions into a larger navy than we have ever had in the past, simply on the strength of having achieved any agreement to limit at all.

The American people ought not to be satisfied with any such result. It is time to express dissatisfaction now, before the conference is over and it is too late to mend. The reasonable forces of peace in the United States are powerful, and if they will raise their voices, they will be listened to. They have been well advised to seek arms limitation by the route of international agreement, slow and difficult though it is. But they can no longer trust their own government to lead in the effort to reduce by agreement. It has, on an important issue, become the chief laggard. There is no sign that it will change its position unless forced to do so by the pressure of a public opinion which has more at stake in security and economy than in the maintenance of a large navy.

The Great Raisin Bond Mystery

WHY the air of mystery surrounding the affairs of the Federal Farm Board and the Sun-Maid Raisin Association bonds? Early in January, the press widely carried an announcement, seemingly official, that the Farm Board stood ready to purchase, at 90 plus accrued interest, the $4,475,500 outstanding bonds of the raisin association. Simultaneously, in the San Francisco newspapers, appeared an advertisement signed by the presidents of three leading Pacific Coast banks—the Bank of Italy, the Anglo and London Paris National Bank and the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles—stating that they, "as a committee," had obtained this offer from the board. So direct a transfer of federal farm-relief moneys to banks, bond houses and other private creditors, at a price of 90 for securities which not long ago were at 35, seemed extraordinary; and The New Republic inquired, editorially, whether this were "farm relief or bank relief"? Straightway the Farm Board, in indignant language, made denial: "The Farm Board has not purchased and is not going to purchase the bonds of Sun-Maid or any other coöperative. Neither has it entered into any agreement as to what price shall be paid for the retirement of bonds of Sun-Maid or any other coöperative organization." It only remained for bewildered commentators to wonder how on earth the original announcement had gained such wide publicity. The press is, or should be, accustomed to being mistaken; but what about the three prominent California banks?

Then the mystery thickened. The Farm Board announced a revised form of the Sun-Maid transaction. The three banks, nothing daunted, advertised anew that they, "as a committee," had obtained this second arrangement from the board. Under its terms, the Farm Board lends Sun-Maid $4,000,000; Sun-Maid, with that money, buys in its own bonds; it pays up to 90; and it deposits the bonds with the Farm Board, as collateral for the loan with which they were bought! This deal is so nearly identical with the first, that wonder is aroused as to why the repudiation, and why the indignation. In its working-out, the bondholders get their 90 and are out, the Farm Board has the bonds, and the farmers of the raisin association are still in debt, though to an easier creditor—the United States government—than before. Absolutely the only vital difference is that the onus of fixing the fat price of 90 for securities that were at 35, now rests upon Sun-Maid instead of upon the Farm Board. So that must have been the point on which the board was sensitive—and rightly. Still, did not the Farm Board lend the sum which made a payment of 90, by Sun-Maid, possible? If the board did not have an "agreement" as to the price to be paid, did it not at least have some sort of knowledge?

One final point about this Sun-Maid bond transaction deserves, it would seem, senatorial and presidential attention. It is universally agreed that no man in a position of public trust or office, with large public funds at his disposal, should manipulate those funds for the benefit of private business concerns with which he is identified. Among the banks claiming, "as a committee," to have obtained this $4,000,000 loan from the Farm Board, is the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles. "As a committee" of what, or of whom? Was it as a committee of Sun-Maid's creditors? And did this bank benefit in any way as a result of this loan? It becomes altogether pertinent to ask these questions. For the Fruit Division of the Farm Board, before which this application would normally come, is presided over by Mr. C. C. Teague, Farm Board appointee from California. And Poor's Manual, for 1927, lists the name of C. C. Teague among the directors of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

The ABC of Hate

THERE is little doubt that international hatred is fostered, both in Europe and America, by the teaching of history in the public schools. What would happen if, for a whole generation, nobody in the Western Hemisphere under the age of twenty-one was permitted to learn any history, is impossible to say. What does happen, with history being taught as it has been for the last fifty or a hundred years, we can see from the doleful chronicle of our times. And this state of affairs has by no means altered since the Treaty of Versailles. Scores of realistic novels like "All Quiet on the Western Front" have been debunking war for the generation that lived through it; statesmen have been drafting anti-war pacts and resealing the bonds of friendship in state banquet halls; but meanwhile the minds of the next generation are being poisoned with hate in the school-room.

Teachers all over Europe and America—many of them under protest, it must be said—are busily

manufacturing the war mentality of twenty years hence. In England, for example, children are taught that the self-sacrificing British Empire is a benefaction to Hindus, Egyptians, Malays and various breeds of Africans—all of whom still yearn for the maternal care of Mother England despite such subverters as Gandhi and Zaghlul Pasha. Or, in the words of Lord Curzon, "The British Empire is the greatest instrument for good that the world has ever seen." By textbooks, teachers' suggestions and flamboyant Empire Day ceremonies, the English child is being indoctrinated with an imperialism which only the few tough-minded will ever shake off. How easy, then, in twenty years, to recruit the votes of all the others in a hysterical electoral campaign against a Labor or Liberal party that wishes to grant autonomy to India!

About the World War, English children are taught that it was "a fight against 155 million human beings organized to prove that there is no Right," and that the German and Austrian politicians . . . "and they alone, must, therefore, be held accountable for the War and all the suffering and all the horrors it brought in its train." The subject matter of history is still such that when a boy was told in a London classroom that the League of Nations was going to stop all wars, he answered, "But then there will be no more history, sir, will there?"

The foregoing facts are taken from "Lies and Hate in Education" (London: Hogarth Press), a recent survey of English and Continental textbooks by Mark Starr. He adds, of the English school histories, that they still glorify none but the military heroes, and still picture war as a gay and romantic adventure in which these heroes subdue a dastardly enemy either without discomfort to themselves or else by a sacrifice of life which is actually enjoyable. And the highest virtue they inculcate is loyalty—loyalty to whatever is, especially in the working classes. It need hardly be added that the social sciences are taught with the same fidelity to tested fact.

In France, children are being told that "the Colonies are very useful to the commerce and industry of France, but a noble country like France thinks not of monetary gain." Also they are taught: "What joy for your mother when you have donned the brilliant uniform! Later you will become an artillery officer. You will have the good fortune to serve your country gloriously." What joy, especially for the million and a half French mothers who no longer have sons. Also, French children are taught that "our country is the most humane of all countries"; and while the good deeds of France would pile up to the heavens those of other nations would "only reach to the knee of a child." The Versailles Treaty is described as "lovely, noble. . . . It is a healing, and, let us hope, a final peace this time." And textbooks are profusely illustrated with pictures of ferocious Germans mutilating little boys and girls. Yet it should be added that associations of French teachers are themselves demanding the editing of the most flagrant textbooks and a less fanatical teaching of history.

In Germany, there is a reaction from the same spirit which followed the overthrow of the monarchy. "The Stab in the Back" is the phrase offered to explain the loss of the War. The Socialists, not the Allied armies, conquered Germany. Ludendorff and Hindenburg were victorious on the field till betrayed at home by subverted workers. As for the Versailles Treaty: "In its provisions was to be found no trace of justice—but only fury, hate and fear." In short, from having properly and justly rebelled against bearing the whole burden of war-guilt, Germany has swung to assuming the role of a wronged innocent. Yet it is also true that the sentiment which favors education for peace rather than war is stronger in that country than almost anywhere else in Europe.

In Russia, the history of the world is portrayed as a latter-day redemption from that capitalistic sin to which all ills may be attributed; but the welfare of a common humanity crossing lines of race and color is at least held up as an ideal. The smaller nations of Europe are, in respect to their textbooks, mere echoes of the larger; sometimes their patriotism is even shriller, as if to atone for its lack of volume. In poor little Austria alone—or rather, in almost-Socialist Vienna—is there a definite attempt to prevent the growth of national hate. . . . And what about the United States? Our country, as it happens, is not included in the book; but this is not for any lack of damaging evidence.

In all this lies a serious threat to the future of the world in general and Europe in particular. Diplomats may gather at international conferences to reduce fighting forces by a few units; statesmen and men of good will may make speeches about the United States of Europe, but when the will to make war is ingrained in the earliest consciousness—when a militant xenophobia is woven into the unconscious mind—Europe will not be united. It will remain a cockpit.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Steel Mills Today

The Twelve-Hour Day and the Seven-Day Week Go On

Seven years ago, as a more or less direct result of the publicity given to an inquiry into working conditions made by a committee of the Inter-Church World Movement, the steel industry found itself confronted by an aroused public opinion, demanding improvement in its treatment of labor, and especially a revision of the twelve-hour-day and seven-day-week schedules then in force. Until then, officials in the industry had always maintained that, due to certain "continuous processes" involved in steel-making, these schedules could never be altered, and a long series of strikes, indicating the blind protest of the workers at these inhuman conditions, had not shaken their stand. Now, however under the general protest, they began to see differently. President Harding dispatched a polite note to Judge Elbert Gary; Judge Gary responded courteously. "It is now time," he admitted, "to adopt the eight-hour day." Orders went out to the mills. Everyone rejoiced—except, perhaps, the Inter-Church World Movement, which found its subsidies suddenly and mysteriously withdrawn. The eight-hour day had come, at last, to the mills.

Last summer, two graduate students of Boston University set out to discover, by personal investigation at the mills, how many of the reforms promised in 1923 are still in effect. The New Republic prints below the first of two articles, revealing the result of their survey.—THE EDITORS.

NINE thousand men who went to work in steel mills at six o'clock this morning will not quit work until six o'clock tonight. At six o'clock tonight, nine thousand fresh men will relieve them, and they will work until six o'clock tomorrow morning. Twelve hours work, nine hours sleep, three hours maximum for food, family life and diversion—this is the daily round of existence for these men, employed in the mills today. This, one item of the investigation we made last year, is the clearest answer to those who may be inclined to wonder how closely the steel industry has held to the eight-hour-day program it promised in 1923.

In our survey we covered all the companies of any importance, with the exception of those at Duluth, Minnesota, and at Denver, Colorado. In all, 176 plants owned by 131 companies were visited, and a study made of the conditions affecting more than 300,000 workers, or about 80 percent of all men working in the basic processes of steel-making. We found in sum, that, although the number of men working twelve hours a day has been considerably reduced, the number of those working ten hours or more has not. Besides the eighteen thousand-odd men referred to above, we found 5,300 working eleven hours, and 134,250 men working ten hours a day. This means that a total of 157,700 men, or more than 50 percent of all the workers included in the survey, are working ten or more hours a day, and the eight-hour day remains almost as much a myth in the steel industry as it was seven years ago, when all the excitement started. In most instances, those men who enjoy an eight-hour schedule have it only because their work—as in the open-hearth or the hot-mill departments—is so peculiarly racking that human nature could hardly support longer hours.

The figures just quoted, and those which will follow, must in most cases be taken as approximate, but erring usually toward the side of conservatism. The utmost difficulty was encountered in securing data. Throughout the steel industry, among the officials, there exists a well settled—and in view of the conditions a quite understandable—policy of secrecy as to such matters as wages, hours of labor, etc. It is to be noted that the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics itself can obtain figures only on the understanding that they will be kept absolutely confidential. In the company offices, the commonest retort to inquiry is, "It's none of your business, or the public's either, how we treat our labor." Among the workers, in many plants, an elaborate spy system operates to prevent the men from admitting any dissatisfaction with conditions in the mills, for fear of losing their jobs. In general, an almost medieval conception of the employer's privileges, with relation both to the employee and to the general public, prevails.

Hostility meets the investigator everywhere, among the officials. Mr. Crockard, president of the Woodward Steel Corporation at Birmingham, Alabama, dismisses our questions as to his company's labor policies with a brusque, "We do not care to discuss that matter at all!" Pressed further, and asked particularly why he does not want the public informed as to the conditions under which his men are working, he replies, "We take care of our own problems. What we do does not concern the people outside." Mr. F. F. Foss, assistant to the president of the Wheeling Steel Corporation, reveals a clue as to the reasons behind this attitude. "Will all this be published?" he asks at once. Answered, yes, he retreats immediately behind a wall of reserve: "Then I won't give you a thing!" "Why won't you? Don't you want the public to know?" we ask. "It's our own business," he replies. "We don't tell anyone."

The most determined pumping of this gentleman elicited only two statements—first, that the working hours of their employees vary (a somewhat obvious fact), and, second, that none of the men works twelve hours, "unless it is in the police department." He insisted, however, that everything at their plants was on a six-day-a-week basis. How misleading this latter statement may be, although technically true, will be revealed in the present article.

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, by the way, ranks second only to the United States Steel Corporation in its resolution to keep everything dark. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the Central Alloy Companies, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation follow close behind.

Matched with these are those other companies which have adopted a policy of freely answering all questions, willingly giving out information—but information which, upon analysis, turns out to be utterly at variance with the facts. It was always our policy, however, to check data through several sources, to avoid the possibility of being misled.

Where erroneous information was offered us at headquarters, inquiry among the workers and lesser officials never failed to reveal the discrepancies and set us on the right track. Often, too, in dealing with companies whose heads were most guarded, it was amusing to observe how easily the desired information could be secured in other departments of the same firm. The truth, in the long run, is almost impossible to conceal. Presidents, high officials, majority stockholders may adopt a policy of absolute secrecy as to conditions in the company they rule over; lower officials, having less pressing reasons to suppress the facts, are likely to be less cautious. By tactful inquiry, by opening a discussion on such harmless topics as pension systems, group insurance, total number of employees, we would often have plant superintendents, employment officers at the mills, and so on, innocently disclosing facts which their superiors had peremptorily refused to reveal. In no case, however, was any official statement accepted as final until it had been checked and rechecked by interviewing the workers.

Thus, with the Allegheny Steel Company at Breckenridge, Pennsylvania. Within the offices of this plant an almost beatific calm prevailed. The officer we interviewed greeted us courteously: he was only too anxious to help. Patiently answering our questions, he revealed that conditions, at this plant, at least, were really heavenly. Long hours?—Unthinkable. Seven-day week?—Of course not. Dissatisfaction?—Never. He bowed us out, and we turned our attention to the workers. Here the story was different.

Long hours?—You bet! Fourteen hours for many men; some common laborers putting in as much as sixteen hours a day. Seven-day week?—"Hell, yes! I've been letting them kill me for fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, for two months now. All I've stayed out was one day, for my mother's funeral." Dissatisfaction so general and so outspoken, discrepancies so glaring that we were driven to return to the same gentleman whom we had interviewed, to clear the matter up.

He met us awkwardly, fumbled, evaded. Finally, after a lengthy conference with the plant superintendent, he backed water and admitted that on the week-end change some men did work a sixteen-hour turn. We did not press him further—to ask, for instance, how he harmonized this admission with his previous statement denying a seven-day-week schedule. Obviously, if the two shifts overlap at the end of the week, a seven-day schedule is patently confessed.

As a matter of fact, the seven-day week, far more than long hours or inhuman working conditions, still remains the heaviest burden on the workers in the steel industry. In spite of the infernal heat, the brutal unending roar of the machinery, the cracking labor, a strong man can stand up under it for eight hours, even perhaps for ten hours a day, and even for six days a week. But there is something brutalizing, something utterly beyond humanity, in a system that imposes such work every day in the week. Then everything changes; there is no rest, no period of recuperation: as long as a man holds his job he will never have one day in the whole succession to look forward to as his own. Such a life is humanly insupportable. The man who endures it ceases to be a man: he becomes an animal.

Before the strike of 1919, the standard working day in the steel industry was twelve hours, and the standard working week was seven days. It was asserted, moreover, even so late as 1923, that because of those processes in steel-making which must be continuous, this schedule could never be changed. In 1923, however, public pressure induced the industry ostensibly to change its viewpoint, and many of the larger companies went so far as to promise an eight-hour day and a six-day week. How they have lived up to their promises is another matter. We found that 77,280 men, or more than one-fourth of the 300,000 covered in our survey, are still working a full seven days per week. Some 178,731 are working six days, and 51,230, five and one-half days.

Many curious expedients, however, have been devised by which the workers may be made to seem to work only six days a week while still actually working seven. The Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, furnishes an example. Here, one of the chief officers of the company willingly supplied information, even admitting that all men employed by United States Steel are not by any means on an eight-hour schedule, as is commonly supposed. Of the 40,000 employees of his own company, about 60 percent are on an eight-hour shift, the remainder work ten hours. These figures agree with our check, except for the detail that if the office force

were subtracted from the total, the percentage of men working ten hours in the mills would be nearer forty-five, and of those working eight hours, fifty-five.

As to the seven-day week, this gentleman, intentionally or not, was misleading. "Every man is given at least twenty-four hours off each week," he stated positively, and his statement is strictly true. Let us see, however, what it means.

Outside the steel industry, the week's work ends, pretty generally, at Saturday noon. Now almost any man, under these conditions, would say off-hand that he has a day and a half off every week. It would probably surprise him if someone—say, a steel magnate—were to tell him that he has, not a day and a half, but nearly two days off. Yet that is how things are figured in the steel industry.

There, apparently, twenty-four hours is a day, whether it begins at noon or at eight o'clock Saturday evening, and ends at noon or at eight o'clock Sunday. Consequently, the man who quits work at noon Saturday and goes back to work on Monday morning at eight o'clock must enjoy—still by the steel magnate's figuring—a lay-off of forty-four hours, or just four hours short of two full days. His day and a half ended at Sunday midnight; the fact that he spent the remaining eight hours sleeping doesn't count.

It doesn't count, at least, in the steel industry. Workdays, a man finishing an eight-hour shift lays over sixteen hours before beginning work again. The fact that, at the regular weekly change of shift, his shift is set ahead eight hours, thus giving him a twenty-four hour lay-over—this fact is the sole justification for the statement quoted, with its implication that a six-day week is in force. The workers themselves call it, with more justice, the "one day off in nineteen" system—meaning that it takes, approximately, three working weeks before the weekly eight-hour extra lay-off totals an actual extra day.

It was impossible to obtain exact figures as to the number of men on this schedule in the Carnegie Steel Company, but it is probably between three and five thousand. Other subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, such as the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and the Illinois Steel Companies, are run on much the same basis. An incautious gentleman at the Chicago plant office revealed a total of 11,000 men employed there, 40 percent of whom are on a ten-hour shift, the balance on eight hours, and of these about 1,100 men, or 10 percent, on the "six-day week" as interpreted by the United States Steel Corporation. This ratio, according to our data, would apply generally to the corporation as a whole.

Obviously, to provide a full day's lay-over, an extra "swing" of men equal to one-sixth of the total number employed would have to be engaged. Then, for any given day, one man out of each seven would be laying off and the other six would be working. Processes would go on continuously, of course, but the expense of such a practice is only too obvious: instead, the United States Steel Corporation is content with a relief "swing" numbering one-twenty-first of the total, and gives eight hours extra a week. Other companies do not provide this small relief, but offer other expedients. Thus, at the Jones and Laughlin Company, at Pittsburgh, every man, in theory, has the privilege of taking one day in ten off. We found by inquiry among the workers that almost no one ever took advantage of it: most of the men had never even heard of it. Some companies offer no relief at all, but work a straight seven-day week.

To be noted among these are the Otis Steel Company, at Cleveland, the Central Iron and Steel Company, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, each 100 percent seven-day week for all employees—in the first, 5,000 men, and in the second, 1,000. The Corrigan-McKinney Company, at Cleveland, follows with 3,114 men, 98 percent of its force. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in two plants, has 8,500 men on the seven-day schedule. Others have different schedules in various departments, working some men twelve hours, and others eight hours, seven days a week. In most of these, the seven-day schedule, mercifully, is confined to eight-hour men.

The Weirton Steel Company and the Pittsburgh Steel Company, however, offer notable exceptions. At the Monessen plant of the latter company, 4,400 men are employed. Of these, 730, or 17 percent, work an eight-hour shift. But, in spite of the fact that most of these men are employed in departments where heat and labor are hottest and hardest, no relief shift is supplied for the weekly change-over. Instead, once every third week, each man gets a twenty-four-hour lay-over, while the man on the shift behind him does a "double turn." He makes up for it, however, the third week following, when he does the sixteen-hour-straight double turn, and the next man gets his lay-over.

In the Pittsburgh Steel Company, also, there are 2,265 men, or 83 percent, working an average twelve-hour day, doing thirteen hours one week on the night shift, and eleven hours next week on the day. The weekly change of shift is effected by making each swing do a half-shift extra—nineteen hours for one and seventeen for the other. Curiously enough, in spite of the longer hours, the men much prefer working on the night shift. Perhaps it is because, then, they get a little time, in the late afternoon, to enjoy the daylight.

E. M. HARTL and E. G. ERNST.

In their next article, Mr. Ernst and Mr. Hartl will continue their survey of the steel industry today, with relation particularly to the problem of Negro labor as it affects the whole, and to such factors as group insurance, age limits, pension provisions, etc., as bearing on working conditions.—THE EDITORS.

Mexico and the Communists

A PROMINENT Mexican writer recently commented on current developments in the international policy of his country as follows:

> Mexico's withdrawal of her diplomatic representatives from Moscow and her accusation that the Soviet government had fomented Communist manifestations against Mexican embassies in other American countries, are Mr. Stimson's answer to Litvinof's brusque rejoinder concerning American intervention in Manchurian affairs.

Generally speaking, Mexican public opinion—so far as there is any—ascribes the break with the Soviet Union to pressure from Washington, believing that this was merely one step in the present Mexican government's policy of yielding to all American demands and burying the local revolution as promptly as possible. Mr. Morrow's rapid success and President Hoover's attitude to President Ortiz Rubio are considered symptoms of the new official Mexican attitude, which has led most Mexican intellectuals to account for anything smacking of servility to the United States as the result of a direct demand from the White House. It is true that, thanks to its drastic action against Russia, Mexico is now basking in a chorus of praise from American newspapers, and the local press has maliciously made the most of it.

No doubt this Mexican-Russian break did not come out of the blue; but the way in which it was carried out was a bit too hysterical to permit its being interpreted as the effect of direct American pressure. The present Mexican government, of course, is anxious to please Washington in every way within its power; and this slap at Moscow does whitewash Mexico of Mr. Kellogg's earlier charges that the Mexican government was Bolshevik. It also constitutes a victory for the policy of the United States, which has long sought to extend the Monroe Doctrine to include control over the foreign policies of the various Latin-American countries. Yet I am inclined to discredit entirely the notion of official American influence. The sources of the whole affair seem to have been quite unmistakably in the domestic situation in Mexico.

I am led to this opinion because it is impossible to explain Mexico's action on the basis of the unproved accusations that she made against the Soviet Union. And from the point of view of the Mexican government, its desire to stamp out revolutionary activities and fall in line with the general policy of American economic expansion in Central and South America was fully as potent as the irritation at the recent Communist demonstrations in Washington, Detroit, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere.

The cause of these demonstrations was clear; but it was not quite that stated by the Mexican Foreign Office in its attempt to justify a hasty action. Some knowledge of the history of the Communist party in Mexico, and its relations with the government, will explain much that has happened.

The first Mexican Communist group appeared towards the end of 1919, about two years after the Soviet revolution, and nearly three years after the promulgation of the 1917 constitution in Mexico, which established the legal system of that country on a "liberal" basis. This first group was short-lived. In fact, until Obregón became a candidate for reëlection in 1927, Communism in Mexico was advocated only by a handful of theoretical idealists without any influence over the Mexican people. Proletarian organization was controlled by the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (C.R.O.M.), which functioned politically as the Mexican Labor party (P.L.M.). This organization, which is somewhat on the order of the A. F. of L., threw in its lot with Obregón's in the 1920 revolution, and the leaders were rewarded with posts: Morones became head of the munitions works; others headed minor bureaus. They soon controlled the municipal administration of Mexico City, a number of governorships and seats in the Chamber and Senate. In 1924, this Labor party supported Calles, and on his election Morones was elevated to a Cabinet position, that of the Ministry of Industry, Commerce and Labor.

Obregón's reëntry into politics in 1926-27, however, brought about entirely new alignments. A quarrel developed between Obregón and Morones. As a result, Obregón ignored Morones and the Labor party, while he accepted the support of the rival railway confederation, which the "Crom" had been trying to smash, as well as that of the new and more radical National Peasants' League. He already had army, bureaucratic, middle-class and conservative support; and he now received the nomination of the Communist party. The leader of the Peasants' League was also a member of the Communist party, and this brought about a short-lived alliance between these two groups. Within the two years the Peasants' League claimed 300,000 members; El Machete, the Communist organ, achieved a paid circulation of over ten thousand.

The assassination of Obregón opened new opportunities for the Mexican Communists. For the leading followers of Obregón openly accused the

Morones faction of being responsible for his death; and for a time it was open gunning season for all leaders of the Crom, who promptly went into hiding.

Calles, Congress and the Army now looked around for a moderate Obregónist for provisional president. But Portes Gil, the man they chose, although moderate, was a bitter enemy of the Crom, and not unfriendly to the Communists. A week after taking office, a controversy developed between Portes Gil and the Crom convention. Portes Gil attacked the Crom in the press, supported counter labor organizations, militarized the munitions works, and even used police coercion in forcing unions to separate from the Crom.

The Communists, allied with the National Peasants' League, hastened to make use of the opportunity and called a convention, early in 1928, to organize the Mexican Unitarian Trade Union Confederation (C.S.U.M.). They sought the support of the rail federation which had been defeated two years previously in a strike by the concerted action of the Calles government and the Crom, the seceding Crom unions and other independent labor groups.

From the beginning, both the Communist party and the "Csum," foreseeing an attempt by the government to gain control over non-Crom elements, attacked Portes Gil personally in a violent fashion. Portes Gil would gladly have welcomed a friendly national labor organization to offset the Crom; for he was most anxious, as he indicated to me in a personal interview, to avoid the accusation of being an enemy of labor. And so, in spite of the attacks of the Csum, he showed considerable restraint.

But when the new elements organized politically —the Workers' and Peasants' Bloc to support an independent candidate for president—a number of local aggressions occurred against the Communist elements, particularly in the state of Durango, where the Governor, in conjunction with the federal troops, wiped out the Communist organization and the peasant groups as well, assassinating one of the most prominent Communist leaders. Violent repressions also occurred in Coahuila, Jalisco and elsewhere, which the Communist party immediately blamed upon Portes Gil and the central government.

With the arrival of new organizers from the Communist International in Moscow, the tactics of the party became even more aggressively anti-government. Portes Gil's new labor law and penal code were branded by the Communists as Fascist documents. In Vera Cruz, Governor Tejeda threatened to resist federal enforcement of the labor code; and the government promptly set to work to disarm the radical peasants. After a series of bloody clashes, Governor Tejeda bowed to the federal will. But manifestos attacking Portes Gil and his Cabinet members, De Negri and Marte Gomez, were issued. These two ministers, the most "left" members of Portes Gil's administration, long associated in the public mind with Communism, were called "reactionary Fascists." A circular addressed by the Communist Youth to the army, called upon the soldiers to disobey their superiors and refuse in all cases to fire upon the workers and peasants. This brought about reprisals and arrests by the military authorities.

The extreme tactics of the party now alienated some of its outstanding leaders—the only ones that had retained any influence with the government—and they were expelled from the party. The military authorities renewed their offensive, stimulated by a Communist manifesto against Calles, which was distributed on his arrival at the Colonia station on his return from Europe. This precipitated the arrests of December 18-19, 1929, which were the direct cause of the subsequent world-wide demonstrations against Mexico.

This latest offensive against the Communists had undoubtedly been also influenced by the popular new Cuban Ambassador, Marquess Sterling, who wished to avoid anti-Cuban demonstrations on the anniversary of the death of the Cuban Communist Julio Mella. Mella had been one of a large group of Cubans, many of them Communists, who had run foul of the Machado government in Cuba and had taken refuge in Mexico, where they had been carrying on active propaganda against the Cuban dictator.

On the night of January 10, 1929, Mella had been shot through the back in Abraham Gonzales Street and had died some hours later. The Communists had at once accused Machado of having sent assassins to Mexico. The Mexican government, however, never clarified the affair. The Chief of Secret Service, Valente Quintana, who was in charge of the investigation, had recently been in Cuba, where he was reported to have called upon Machado and to have been decorated by him. He attempted to side-track the investigations and to throw the blame upon an obviously innocent woman, a friend of Mella's, who had been in his company at the time of his assassination and had narrowly escaped being killed herself. She was hounded by Quintana; other clues were not followed up.

Quintana, in fact, has been a useful man to the regime. He was instrumental in the handling of the evidence which resulted in the shooting of four civilians after the first attempted assassination of Obregón. These four included the priest Father Pro, against whom no satisfactory evidence, even of the Quintana sort, was produced, and his brother Humberto Pro, against whom the evidence, even if authentic, was scant. Quintana was also active in tracking down the Catholic plotters who assassinated Obregón, revealing the affiliations of Toral with Madre Conchita and other Catholics. In fact, he unearthed all the information and brought about the arrest of all the culprits, except the key man,

Manuel Trejo, who gave Toral the pistol with which Obregón was assassinated.

In the December arrests of the Communists, however, Quintana remained in the background; the active official this time was General Eulogio Ortiz, Commandant of the Valley of Mexico.

General Ortiz has long been known for his arbitrary seizure of labor leaders in Tamaulipas and his brutal manner of railroading them out of the state. Dr. Ernest Gruening, in "Mexico and Its Heritage," tells the following incident, which is illustrative of General Ortiz' methods:

> A year later General Eulogio Ortiz presided over the *jefaturas* which included Aguascalientes and Zacatecas. Thither came Juan Silveti, the bull-fighter, a personal friend of the general's. To arrange a *corrida de toros,* he went for his bulls to the *hacendado,* Ochoa Gordoa, owner of the best cattle in the region. "Certainly," Gordoa told the toreador, "if you pay cash for them." Juan *"sin miedo"* (John "without fear"), as he is popularly known, demanded the wherefore of so outrageous a demand. A year previous, he was reminded, he had secured bulls, promising to pay out of the receipts of the *corrida,* and the owner was still waiting for his money. Silveti went straight to his friend, General Ortiz. Within a few hours a squad of soldiers arrived at the hacienda, arrested Gordoa, Jr., who was in charge, and took six of the best blooded bulls. After spending two weeks in jail he was released. He came to Mexico City to try to collect for his bulls, but got no satisfaction.

Throughout the states of which the general had charge, property owners, and even peasants, have told me that it was his custom to requisition army supplies and exact receipts for payments he had not made. Presumably the general later charged these to the public treasury. This was the man Portes Gil now let loose on the Communists.

The arrests were made on December 18 and 19. Communist homes, the offices of the Communist Youth, of the Csum, and of the Workers' and Peasants' Bloc, were simultaneously raided. One of the Cubans arrested was Barreiro, a Cuban labor leader of many years' standing. His two daughters and their sweethearts, who were non-Communists, were seized at the same time. Barreiro was informed that his daughters would be kept in prison unless he disclosed the whereabouts of an Argentinian, Jorge Paz, who was also a non-Communist. He was led to believe that the two girls had been raped, and, as a result of this news, which happened to be false, he went temporarily insane. Several times he attempted suicide. Since his deportation, with its enforced separation from his family, he is reported to have gone completely insane. The prisoners, lodged in military barracks or distributed amongst various suburban jails, were held incommunicado. Anyone attempting to visit them or bring them food was arrested, as in the case of the Bolivian writer and university lecturer Tristan Marof, who was subsequently deported. The Communists also claim that a certain Ortega was tortured until he consented to sign a "confession" that at a meeting of the Workers' and Peasants' Bloc, plans had been laid to assassinate all the leaders of the government, including General Ortiz.

I have not been able to ascertain the number of foreign Communists expelled, but it seems to have been about fifteen or eighteen.

While these people remained under arrest, the new, supposedly enlightened, labor code went into effect, providing severe penalties for officials holding prisoners more than seventy-two hours without preferring charges in the legal manner, and also prohibiting the making of arrests by persons not duly authorized. It was only gradually, however, that General Ortiz released most of the Mexican prisoners and consigned the foreigners to the Department of Interior for expulsion. He then issued a statement in which he attacked the improper arrest and holding of prisoners, thus claiming credit for opposing the thing that he had done and was still doing. For four young Communists, whose crime consisted in being present at a public meeting which was raided, and one non-Communist, the brother of a Communist, all of them under twenty-one, were still held incommunicado, even their place of confinement remaining unknown. The other Communists feared for their lives.

Not until January 20 were their whereabouts known. They were then located among the *cuerda* of criminals being sent off to the fearful Pacific penal islands, Islas Marias. They had not been allowed to receive legal advice, to communicate with their families or to stand trial.

Meanwhile, unarrested Communists were carrying on propaganda for the release of their comrades. Cables were sent to fifty-odd Communist organizations. And as a result of these appeals, coming direct from Mexico, demonstrations were staged before the Mexican embassies in Washington, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere. The Mexican government itself was besieged with thousands of protests from all over the world.

In the light of these events, it is clear that Mexico's break with the Soviet Union came as the culmination of the local Government-Communist party struggle. And, just as it is unlikely that Washington is directly responsible for the diplomatic rupture, so it would appear that the Soviet government is not directly responsible for the demonstrations. The real reasons behind the break seem to have been a mixture of the Mexican government's desire to divert attention from its persecution of local Communists, its mistaken belief that in the long run all Communist activities could be traced back to the Soviet government, and its anxiety to become respectable and stand in the good graces of the United States.

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico City.

Toward a New Individualism

The Third Article in Professor Dewey's Series, "Individualism, Old and New"

OUR material culture, as anthropologists would call it, is verging upon the collective and corporate. Our moral culture, along with our ideology, is, on the other hand, still saturated with ideals and values derived from the pre-scientific, pre-technological age. Its spiritual roots are found in medieval religion, which asserted the ultimate nature of the individual soul and centered the drama of life about the destiny of that soul. Its institutional and legal concepts were framed in the feudal period.

The early phase of the industrial revolution wrought a great transformation. It gave a secular and worldly turn to the career of the individual, and it also liquefied the static property concepts of feudalism by the shift of emphasis from agriculture to manufacturing. Still, the idea persisted that property and reward were intrinsically individual. There were, it is true, incompatible elements in the earlier and later versions of individualism. But a fusion of individual capitalism, of natural rights, and of morals founded in strictly individual traits and values remained, under the influence of Protestantism, the dominant intellectual synthesis.

The basis of this synthesis was destroyed, however, by the later development of the industrial system, which brought about the merging of personal capacity, effort and work into collective wholes. Meanwhile, the control of natural energies eliminated time and distance, so that action once adapted to local conditions was swallowed up in complex undertakings of indefinite extent. Yet the older mental equipment remained after its causes and foundations had disappeared. This, fundamentally, is the inner division out of which spring our present confusion and insincerities.

The earlier economic individualism had a definite creed and function. It sought to release man's wants and his efforts to satisfy those wants from legal restrictions. It believed that such emancipation would stimulate latent energy into action, would automatically assign individual ability to the work for which it was suited, would cause it to perform that work under stimulus of the advantage to be gained, and would secure for capacity and enterprise the reward and position to which they were entitled. At the same time, individual energy and savings would be serving the needs of others, and thus promoting the general welfare and effecting a general harmony of interests.

We have gone a long way since this philosophy was formulated. Today, the most stalwart defenders of this type of individualism do not venture to repeat its optimistic assertions. At most, they are content to proclaim its consistency with unchanging human nature—which is said to be moved to effort only by the hope of personal gain—and to paint dire pictures of the inevitable consequences of any change to another regime. They ascribe all the material benefits of our present civilization to this individualism—as if machines were made by the desire for money profit, not by impersonal science; and as if they were driven by money alone, and not by electricity and steam under the direction of a collective technology.

In America, the older individualism assumed a romantic form. It was hardly necessary to elaborate a theory which equated personal gain with social advance. The demands of the practical situation called for the initiative, enterprise and vigor of individuals in all immediate work that urgently asked for doing, and their operation furthered the national life. The spirit of the time is expressed by Dr. Crothers in words which Mr. Sims has appropriately taken for part of the text of his "Adventurous America":

> If you would understand the driving power of America, you must understand "the divers discontented and impatient young men" who in each generation have found an outlet for their energy. . . . The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young people who are finding new opportunities. . . . They represent today the enthusiasm of a new generation. They represent the Oregons and Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving undisturbed by obstacles. This is what the social unrest means in America.

If that is not an echo of the echo of a voice of long ago, I do not know what it is. I do not, indeed, hear the noises of an angry proletariat; but I should suppose the sounds heard are the murmurs of lost opportunities, along with the din of machinery, motor cars and speakeasies, by which the murmurs of discontent are drowned, rather than shouts of eagerness.

The European version of the older individualism had its value and temporal justification because the new technology needed liberation from vexatious legal restrictions. Machine industry was itself in a pioneer condition, and those who carried it forward against obstacles of lethargy, skepticism and political obstruction were deserving of special re-

ward. Moreover, accumulation of capital was thought of in terms of enterprises that today would be petty; there was no dream of the time when it would reach to such a mass that it would determine the legal and political order. Poverty had previously been accepted as a dispensation of nature that was inevitable. The new industry promised a way out, at least to those possessed of energy and will to save and accumulate. But there was no anticipation of a time when the development of machine technology would afford the material basis for reasonable ease and comfort, together with extensive leisure for all.

The shift that makes the older individualism a dying echo is more marked as well as more rapid in this country. Where is the wilderness which now beckons creative energy and affords untold opportunity to initiative and vigor? Where is the pioneer who goes forth rejoicing, even in the midst of privation, to its conquest? The wilderness exists in the movie and the novel, and the children of the pioneers, who live in the midst of surroundings artificially made over by the machine, enjoy pioneer life idly in the vicarious film. I see little social unrest which is the straining of energy for outlet in action; I find rather the protest against a weakening of vigor and sapping of energy that emanate from the absence of constructive opportunity; and I see a confusion that is an expression of the inability to find a secure and morally rewarding place in a troubled and tangled economic scene.

Because of the bankruptcy of the older individualism, those who are aware of the break-down often speak and argue as if individualism were itself done and over with. I do not suppose that those who regard socialism and individualism as antithetical really mean that individuality is going to die out or that it is not something intrinsically precious. But in speaking as if the only individualism were the local episode of the last two centuries, they play into the hands of those who would keep it alive in order to serve their own ends, and they slur over the chief problem—that of remaking the individual. There are many who believe that socialism of some form is needed to realize individual initiative and security on a wide scale. They are concerned about its restriction to a few by the present regime, and they think that collective social control is necessary, at least for a time, in order to achieve its advantages for all. But they too often seem to assume that the result will be merely the extension of the earlier individualism to the many.

Such thinking treats individualism as if it were something static, having a uniform content. It ignores the fact that the mental and moral structure of individuals, the pattern of their desires and purposes, change with every great change in social constitution. Individuals who are not bound together in associations, whether domestic, economic, religious, political, artistic or educational, are monstrosities. It is absurd to suppose that the ties which hold them together are merely external and do not react into their mentality and character, producing the framework of their disposition.

The tragedy of the "lost individual" is due to the fact that while individuals are now caught up into a vast complex of associations, there is no harmonious and coherent reflection of the import of these connections into their imaginative and emotional outlook on life. The habit of opposing the corporate and collective to the individual tends to the persistent continuation of the resulting confusion and uncertainty. It distracts attention from the crucial issue: How shall the individual refind himself in an unprecedentedly new social situation, and what qualities will the new individualism exhibit?

That the problem is not merely one of extending to all individuals the traits of economic initiative, opportunity and enterprise; that it is one of forming a new psychological and moral type, is suggested by the great pressure now brought to bear to effect conformity and standardization of American opinion. Why should regimentation, the erection of an average struck from the opinions of large masses into regulative norms, and in general the domination of quantity over quality, be so characteristic of present American life? I see but one fundamental explanation. The individual cannot remain intellectually a vacuum. If his ideas and beliefs are not the spontaneous function of a communal life in which he shares, a seeming consensus will be secured as a substitute by artificial and mechanical means. In the absence of mentality that is congruous with the new social corporateness that is coming into being, there is a desperate effort to fill the void by external agencies which obtain a factitious agreement.

In consequence, our uniformity of thought is much more superficial than it seems to be. The standardization is deplorable, but one might almost say that one of the reasons it is deplorable is because it does not go deep. It goes far enough to effect suppression of original quality of thought, but not far enough to achieve enduring unity. Its superficial character is evident in its instability. All agreement of thought obtained by external means, by repression and intimidation, however subtle, and by calculated propaganda and publicity, is of necessity superficial; and the superficial is in continual flux. The methods employed produce mass credulity, and this jumps from one thing to another according to the dominant suggestion of the day. We think and feel alike—but only for a month or a season. Then comes some other sensational event or personage to exercise a hypnotizing uniformity of response. At a given time, taken in cross-section, conformity is the rule. In a time span, taken longitudinally, instability and flux dominate. . . . I suppose there are others who have a feeling of irritation at such terms as "radio-conscious" and "air-minded," now so frequently forced upon us. I do not think the irritation is wholly due to linguis-

tic causes. It testifies to a half-conscious sense of the external ways in which our minds are formed and swayed and of the superficiality and inconsistency of the result.

I should suppose that the more intelligent of those who wield the publicity agencies that produce conformity would be disturbed at beholding their own success. I can easily understand that they should have a cynical sense of their ability to obtain the results they want at a given time; but I should think they would fear that like-mindedness might, at a critical juncture, veer in an unexpected direction and turn with equal unanimity against the things and interests it had been manipulated to support. Crowd psychology is dangerous in its instability. To rely upon it for permanent support is playing with a fire that may get out of control. Conformity is enduringly effective when it is a spontaneous and largely unconscious manifestation of the agreement that comes from genuine communal life. An artificially induced uniformity of thought and sentiment is a symptom of an inner void. Not all of it that now exists is intentionally produced; it is not the result of deliberate manipulation. But it is, on the other hand, the result of causes so external as to be accidental and precarious.

The "joining" habit of the average American, and his excessive sociability, may well have a like explanation. They, too, testify to nature's abhorrence of that vacuum which the passing of the older individualism has produced. We should not be so averse to solitude if we had, when we were alone, the companionship of communal thought built into our mental habits. In the absence of this communion, there is the need for reinforcement by external contact. Our sociability is largely an effort to find substitutes for that normal consciousness of connection and union that proceeds from being a sustained and sustaining member of a social whole.

Just as the new individualism cannot be achieved by extending the benefits of the older economic individualism to more persons, so it cannot be obtained by a further development of generosity, good will and altruism. Such traits are desirable, but at the same time they are more or less constant expressions of human nature. There is much in the present situation that stimulates them to active operation. They are probably more marked features of American life than of that of any other civilization at any time. Our charity and philanthropy are partly the manifestation of an uneasy conscience. Partly, however, they are prophetic of a type of mind already in process of formation, but still lacking the organic character that will enable it to manifest itself in ordinary human relationships outside of relief and assistance.

The chief obstacle to the creation of a type of individual whose pattern of thought and desire is enduringly marked by consensus with others, and in whom sociability is one with coöperation in all regular human associations, is the persistence of that feature of the earlier individualism which defines industry and commerce by ideas of private pecuniary profit. Why, for example, is there such zeal for standardized likeness? It is not, I imagine, because conformity for its own sake appears to be a great boon. It is rather because a certain kind of conformity gives defense and protection to the pecuniary features of our present regime. The foreground may be filled with depiction of the horror of change, and with the clamor for law and order and the support of the Constitution. But behind there is desire for perpetuation of that regime which defines individual initiative and ability by success in conducting business so as to make money.

It is not too much to say that the whole significance of the older individualism has now shrunk to a pecuniary scale and measure. The virtues that are supposed to attend rugged individualism may be vocally proclaimed, but it takes no great insight to see that what is cherished is measured by its connection with those activities that make for success in business conducted for personal gain. Hence, the irony of the gospel of "individualism" in business conjoined with suppression of individuality in thought and speech. One cannot imagine a bitterer comment on any professed individualism than that it subordinates the only creative individuality—that of mind—to the maintenance of a regime which gives a few an opportunity for being shrewd in the management of monetary business.

It is claimed, of course, that the individualism of economic self-seeking, even if it has not produced the adjustment of ability and reward and the harmony of interests earlier predicted, has given us the advantage of material prosperity. It is not needful to raise here the question of how far that material prosperity extends. For it is not true that its moving cause is pecuniary individualism. That has been the cause of some great fortunes, but not of national wealth; it counts in the process of distribution, but not in ultimate creation. Scientific insight taking effect in machine technology has been the great productive force. For the most part, economic individualism interpreted as energy and enterprise devoted to private profit, has been an adjunct, often a parasitical one, to the movement of technical and scientific forces.

The scene in which individuality is now to be created has been transformed. The pioneer, such as is depicted in the quotation from Crothers, had no great need for any ideas beyond those that sprang up in the immediate tasks in which he was engaged. His intellectual problems grew out of struggle with the forces of physical nature. The wilderness was a reality and it had to be subdued. The type of character that evolved was strong and hardy, often picturesque, and sometimes heroic. Individuality was a reality because it corresponded to conditions. Irrelevant traditional ideas in religion and morals were carried along, but they were reduced to a size where they did no harm; indeed,

they could easily be interpreted in such a way as to be a reinforcement to the sturdy and a consolation to the weak and failing.

But it is no longer a physical wilderness that has to be wrestled with. Our problems grow out of social conditions: they concern human relations rather than man's direct relationship to physical nature. The adventure of the individual, if there is to be any venturing of individuality and not a relapse into the deadness of complacency or of despairing discontent, is henceforth an unsubdued social frontier. The issues cannot be met with ideas improvised for the occasion. The problems to be solved are general, not local. They concern complex forces that are at work throughout the whole country, not those limited to an immediate and almost face-to-face environment. Traditional ideas are more than irrelevant. They are an encumbrance; they are the chief obstacle to the formation of a new individuality integrated within itself and with a liberated function in the society wherein it exists. A new individualism has to be achieved which uses all the resources of the science and technology that have mastered physical forces as means to attain truly human ends. As long as we retain the older individualistic philosophy, our purposes will not be framed out of the positive consequences of even our industrial activity; nor will our means be based upon acknowledged possession of the techniques by which a meed of success has been attained in the material field. Only when we begin to use the vast resources of technology at our command as methods to achieve purposes that are avowedly social, will there be an approach to a new individual, an individual as much related and unified as the present indiviual is divided and distracted.

The nature of a newly emerging individualism cannot be described until progress has been made in its actual creation; but neither shall we make a start in this creation until we surrender the habit of opposing the corporate and social to the individual, and until we realize that the utmost in socialism will effect only a restandardization of an almost exclusively material culture, unless it be accompanied by the instituting of a new type of individual mind. Technology, taken in its broadest sense, offers an answer to our problem. It furnishes us with means that may be utilized in transforming the forces of our industrialized society into factors in producing individuals who are not only possessed of material goods, but also equipped with a high quality of desire and thought.

JOHN DEWEY.

Battleships in the Conference

WHILE the "George Washington" was tossing in the unfriendly waves of the eastern Atlantic, Mr. MacDonald made a statement to the press which transformed the outlook for the naval conference. Up to the morning of its publication, few of us in England were deeply interested in the conference. We had the comfortable conviction that Anglo-American relations were already happily based on a firm foundation of friendship: the conference might define the conception of parity with mathematical precision; but it is rather the sentiment than the arithmetic of parity which concerns us. Over our relations with France we were pessimistic; perhaps, as M. Tardieu's first speeches suggest, unduly so. We had a distressing expectation that when the conference had finished allocating the tonnage of cruisers and minor craft, the result might be to burden the ocean with a heavier weight of armor and guns than it bears today. But above all, no one in authority, not even Mr. Hoover, had as yet given currency to any very new or hopeful idea; for reduction in the abstract is a negative if salutary ideal; and even so, we could not see it in grand lines and big proportions. It was a cold and starveling hope. The conference, in short, seemed to lack intellectual interest.

Mr. MacDonald has changed all this. Under the cautious form of his declaration there lives a dynamic idea. It is a proposal which invites us to think out afresh, not merely the scale, but the function and design of our navies, so that they may conform with the Pact. The abolition of battleships is much more than a bold suggestion for economy. It is a corollary to the renunciation of war.

Mr. MacDonald chose a characteristically quiet form in which to embody a startling proposal. A less complex personality, in his place, would have defined it sharply, backed it by an appeal to the world's idealism, and launched it with those resources of eloquence which are his, when he ventures to use them. But Mr. MacDonald is the Highland poet reared among canny Scots. Experience has nearly obscured the instinctive man under an acquired habit of caution. So the statement to the press did not go out to the world as his authentic utterance, but only as an echo. The policy of abolishing the battleship was stated so briefly as to seem incidental. It was prefaced by a reference to technical considerations; the bigger political conception would suggest itself only to those who read between the lines. Finally, though abolition was put forward as the policy of the British government, two alternative solutions competed for our attention. This conference might content itself with the declaration of a five-years' "holiday" in the

building of capital ships, postponing to some future occasion the decision of the bigger question of whether battleships must figure at all among the world's fleets. Or the conference might arrange for the replacement of battleships after 1936 at some lower level of tonnage and equipment. "Abolish, postpone or reduce": the three possibilities were all indicated. This caution is intelligible. Abolition is a radical policy. Mr. MacDonald has to think of the Opposition at home, as well as the four Powers whose host he is. It is evident that he will not imitate the bold tactics of Mr. Hughes at Washington. His technique will be to nurse agreement in an atmosphere of conciliation. But at some point, one supposes—if not now, then at least before 1936—he or another must risk the advocacy of a big idea.

There may be some danger that the American public may underestimate the significance of this move, by treating it as an improvisation of the extremest of our three parties. An improvisation it is not: one of the Labor party's advisory committees advocated this policy in a memorandum dating from 1926. Nor is Labor actually much in advance of the middle line that divides public opinion: not seldom its actions place it to the right of this line. To understand the general indifference to the survival of the battleship, one must go back to our experience in the Great War. Throughout it, we had to watch the absurd spectacle of twenty-eight of these monsters immobilized behind elaborate fortifications at Scapa Flow. They required for their protection the constant presence of thirty-five cruisers and many squadrons of smaller craft. They figured only in the indecisive action of Jutland, and in the abortive bombardment of the Dardanelles. The average man concluded that Admiral Sir Percy Scott had been in the right, when on the eve of the War he proposed to "scrap the lot."

Nothing that this average citizen has since learned about the progress of the submarine and the hydroplane has inclined him to change his mind, even when the older school of admirals assures him that defensive inventions have more than kept pace with the new resources of the attack. Against this background of skepticism the case for economy thunders loudly, and makes an equal appeal to all parties. The Tory and the wealthy income-tax payers tremble at the thought of still higher taxation, while Liberals and Labor wish to use for the starved social services the money squandered on apparently useless ships. The long interruption in battleship building has made it so difficult to start again, that even a strong government, which for the first time set down an item of $35,000,000 for a new capital ship in the estimates, would have to face a revolt on its own side of the House.

Of all papers, it is The London Times which has given the decisive direction to this general tendency. Two months ago it printed without comment two admirably lucid articles by Admiral Richmond, who has the reputation of being the best brain in the Navy. He put the argument from relativity about as well as it can be put. A battleship exists only to fight other battleships. Whatever its size, it can achieve command of the seas, provided the enemy possesses no ships of greater power. There are, indeed, as to size, some limiting factors. A battleship must be powerful enough to cope with merchantmen, including converted cruisers, and must possess endurance enough to go wherever it is needed. Both these conditions, the admiral concluded, could be satisfied by a ship of "much less than 10,000 tons." The Times opened its columns to correspondence: the case was not shaken. It then wrote a series of editorials, in which it made Admiral Richmond's view its own, drove home the inevitable conclusion that the monster battleship is a senseless waste of the nation's resources, and appealed to the government to fix the limit for replacement no higher than 15,000 tons, and if possible lower.

Other Tory papers, notably The Spectator and The Observer (if one can still call it Tory) followed eagerly in its wake. Among them, they have confirmed public opinion in thinking what it wished to think. Plainly a Labor government cannot lag behind The Times. One may say that it is now morally difficult for any British government to lay down a ship of much more than 15,000 tons, while a government might be safe which took even 10,000 tons as its maximum. There, of course, the clever architects of the "Ersatz Preussen" have helped us.

All this was helpful, and, indeed, without it Mr. MacDonald could hardly have ventured so far. The success of The Times' campaign would mean much for economy. But it would also mean something for peace. Smaller ships mean less pressure from the armament firms. They mean fewer naval officers, and consequently fewer families within our small ruling class which habitually "think blue." Moreover, does not the average man tend to measure his perils by the cost of his insurance? It must be a very dangerous world in which we have to build battleships at $35,000,000 apiece. Cut down the cost of insurance, and he will believe that the peril has diminished. The disappearance of these monstrous symbols of fear would do much to convince him that the Pact had begun to create a peaceful world.

The Times stood for common sense. But it did not propose to abolish battleships. It would make an end of the Leviathans and go back to pre-dreadnaught magnitudes. But capital ships of a modest size it still would build: ships, that is to say, designed expressly to take their place in a line of battle. Guns might be limited to twelve inches. As to numbers, The Times has so far been silent, but after its unreserved adoption of the argument from relativity, it ought to welcome a general reduction in this respect also. What it would wish to see is, presumably, a small battle fleet of, say, twelve

powerful ships, not appreciably bigger than the new German type.

This is the view of clear-thinking Conservatives, and one is grateful for its intelligence. But it is not the Labor view. I do not wish to pose as an interpreter of Mr. MacDonald's thinking, especially as he is manifestly feeling his way. But the attitude of this article is more than a personal opinion: it is the view of a group—by no means an extreme group—which has made some effort to reach it by discussion. This view would adapt our building to the new conception of the status of war. We have renounced it. The only avowable use for armed ships is for purposes of police. With defense as such we are not concerned, for the laws of relativity protect us. We would say to our naval architects: "Build us, with intelligent economy, a small, swift warship, which can protect commerce. But do not think of it as a part of a 'Grand Fleet,' designed for spectacular battles." For such purposes the 10,000-tonners are amply large enough. We should take this type as our maximum. We would not increase its numbers. We would scrap existing battleships without replacement, and do it at once. This, of course, is a general proposal. We do not advocate one-sided disarmament.

We realize what the intelligent sailor can say in reply. "We can adjust ourselves," he would answer, "to this situation. But don't imagine that you have abolished battleships. The 10,000-tonner becomes the capital ship. It will fight actions against the enemy's similar ships to gain the command of the seas, and it will be used to break up any concentration of his smaller cruisers which molests our communications. In short, you have altered the scale and the tactics, but not the strategical essentials, of naval warfare."

The sailor would then go on to show how the old problems recur. "Would you now," he would ask, if he were an Englishman, "agree to leave America in possession of a larger number of these 10,000-tonners, our new capital ships?" Or, if he were an American, he would retort: "But British facility for arming merchantmen would now become the decisive factor. These improvised British cruisers would sweep the seas."

"So then," we would answer, to the sailors of both nations, "in your view we meant nothing, when we said that war between our two peoples is impossible. You are arguing as the admirals argued at Geneva. That is finished. We have renounced war." It is not an impossible degree of confidence that we ask. Only three Powers have modern battleships. All that we require is that these three should prove their faith in each other, and implement their own word, by ceasing to build ships which have no meaning, save on the assumption that war is a probability among themselves. Against lesser violators of the Pact we need no defenses on this scale. Police ships are enough. One recalls the answer of the German soldier who was asked what he would do if the British army were to land in Schleswig: "Arrest it!"

This policy, then, is a test of the faith of the major naval Powers in the Pact. The Pact itself, we would at once agree, stands in need of development. For that we have six years before us. To shame the world's cynicism is the first step. This one cannot do by building battleships, even on a small scale and with rigid economy. We propose to abolish battleships, because we have abolished battles.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Washington Notes

WITH the tariff bill still dragging its weary way through Congress, and with prohibition temporarily sidetracked—except for some excited oratory—while the Hoover recommendations for tightening enforcement are being considered in committee, political interest is beginning to focus upon the more controversial of the senatorial primaries scheduled for the spring and early summer. For the student of politics, the contests in three states should be of particular interest, as they will constitute tests of the power of the party label, and as their results will undoubtedly have a future influence upon the practice of bolting party candidates. In each of these three states, a Senator now asking renomination from his own political party supported the presidential candidate of the other party in the last election. One of these Senators is Republican—George Norris of Nebraska—and two are Democratic—Simmons of North Carolina and Heflin of Alabama.

A few years ago, bolting was an unforgivable party crime and a fatal political mistake, but times have changed. Party discipline is now comparatively loose, and party principles are indistinguishable, interchangeable, vague and often ridiculous. In 1924, a Democratic Senator from Montana bolted his party ticket, and he was reëlected in 1928 by an increased majority. There was apparently no resentment at all by party people toward Senator Burton K. Wheeler. His case, however, is hardly a fair test. His state is not one in which the Democratic party is regarded as a racial necessity or inspires among its adherents anything approaching religious devotion. In Montana, one of the newer states, party ties do not bind tightly and insurgency in politics is neither rare nor unpopular. A very different state of affairs would have confronted Senator Wheeler had he lived in the South.

The support of Hoover by Heflin and Simmons, so far as I know, was an unprecedented act in their section of the country. While it was in accord with a strong popular sentiment in their states, it undoubtedly was most offensive to many thousands to whom the Democratic party is more or less a sacred thing and all Republicans wicked. The resentment engendered among these by the bolting of two heretofore regular Democratic Senators is of a character which cannot be ignored and which will not disappear. To a less acute, but nevertheless appreciable, degree, the same situation exists in Nebraska, where Senator Norris came out openly in favor of Al Smith, the Wet,

Catholic Democrat. In a state that is thoroughly Dry, Republican and Protestant, this took no inconsiderable degree of political courage in a Senator coming up in a year for renomination—certainly as much courage as was displayed by the two Democratic Senators who bolted in the opposite direction, and perhaps more.

At present, each of the three is charged with being a party renegade and deserter and faces a bitter fight in his state. One—Mr. Heflin—has been debarred from the party primaries and is forced to run as an independent. It will be extremely interesting to see how all three make out. The result will provide us with a yardstick by which the effects of jumping the party fence can hereafter be measured. If they are successful in returning to the Senate, the idea of danger from the bolt will be removed, and we shall unquestionably have more independence of action in campaigns of the future. The custom of swallowing one's principles through fear of consequences will become much less unanimous than before. On the other hand, should Senators Norris, Heflin and Simmons be politically destroyed either in the primaries or in the general election by voters resentful of their failure to be regular in 1928, their fate will act as a deterrent to freedom of speech and action on the part of public men in future fights. It will add to the power of the party label and strengthen the party tie.

Those who believe that party organization and party spirit are essential to orderly government will, of course, hope to see all three Senators "punished." Those who think that the trouble with our politics lies largely in worship of the party fetish, and who believe that independence, intelligence and discrimination are more desirable in public men than blind party loyalty, will hope for their "vindication." If it were not for Senator Heflin, I should number myself unqualifiedly among the latter—but it is a little difficult for me to advocate a vindication for Tom that will continue him another six years in a body he never should have entered. I suppose that this is permitting personal prejudice to obscure a great principle, and that a big, broad man would swallow Tom for the sake of the right. I should like to be so big and broad. Perhaps I may be, in the course of years—but not now, not now.

In any event, the best information available indicates that of the three, Tom stands the best chance of being beaten. Barred from the primaries, the fix he is in is a particularly bad one. Most persons in a position to pass judgment believe Senator Norris will win his fight. His personal strength in Nebraska is so great; the character and fearlessness of the man have earned him such general respect, that the odds favor his renomination and reëlection, regardless of the offense given by his Smith support to many Nebraska Dry Republicans who shuddered at the mere notion of Al in the White House. Also, I am told that while Senator Simmons faces a real contest, and while Mr. Bailey, his opponent, is a strong man, the skill of the old gentleman as a campaigner, and the appeal of his age and his long party service, are counted upon as sufficient to pull him through. In addition, the degree to which his leadership on the tariff fight has been accepted by Democrats in the Senate at this session has had a considerable effect in minimizing his Hoover support and making him appear very regular indeed.

If it should turn out that way—if Norris and Simmons win and Tom loses—personally I shall consider it a sufficient victory for the principle of independence. It would, of course, be a greater victory for principle if all three should win, but so far as I am concerned, two will be enough—that is, if the two are as above indicated. In any event, the interest in these three contests will be nation-wide and the results extremely instructive.

The two other senatorial primaries which are of more than local concern and have special features of general interest are in Illinois and Massachusetts. In the latter, the vibrant Mr. Fuller, the former governor, is scaring one aspirant after another right out of the field. The first who took fright and ran away was the sitting Senator, the aged Gillett, who has held public office now longer than any other man in the country, and would have held on if he could. The latest to be warned off by Mr. Fuller is William Morgan Butler, defeated in 1926, but undismayed. Mr. Butler, I am told, felt that in that contest he was handicapped by the Coolidge endorsement and by his position as chairman of the National Committee. So far as I have heard, he is alone in this view. However, Mr. Fuller's blast withered the Butler aspirations for another trial "on his own merits," and the field at this writing is still wide open. Whether Mr. Fuller will make the run himself is still uncertain. Most people think he will, though up to date all he has done is to shoo them off as fast as they come up. The Republican prospects in the state are not bright, chiefly because of the fact recently pointed out by a Boston commentator that the Republicans cannot nominate a candidate unless he is Dry, and cannot elect him unless he is Wet. This involves a rapid and somewhat startling change upon the part of the candidate between his nomination and the opening of his campaign, but some of them are equal to it.

The interest in the Illinois campaign is almost entirely due to the candidacy of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, who, while not the first woman to make a fight for the Senate, is the first with a real chance of success. I think, however, that she has hardly improved her chance by making the World Court an issue against Deneen. It is true that she would naturally be opposed to the proposal, and it is also true that The Tribune and the Hearst press in Chicago are rabidly anti-Court. Nevertheless, the obvious fact that the World Court fight will in all probability be over before she could be elected, and would certainly be over—conceding her election—before she could take her seat, does seem to make the Court rather a joke as an April issue. If there were any chance at all that she could vote on it, there would appear to be more excuse. As matters stand, however, it seems more or less an absurd appeal. Still, the voters everywhere are pretty opaque in the head, and Illinois voters are particularly so.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Three Plays

Red Rust, by V. Kirchon and A. Ouspensky. Translated by Virginia and Frank Vernon. Martin Beck Theater, December 17, 1929.

Children of Darkness, by Edwin Justus Mayer. Biltmore Theater, January 7, 1930.

Dishonored Lady, by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon. Empire Theater, February 4, 1930.

THE first production by the Guild Studio has won enough praise to encourage its backers considerably. The effect of the latter half of "Red Rust," as one saw it at the Martin Beck, is scored with convincing emotion; the story tightens down to a struggle among individuals, the acting simplifies to personal drama, the problem of directing becomes easier and more final. The first part of the occasion seems to me unendurably noisy and exasperating. Before the next production begins at the Guild Studio, one feels like dishing up for these more or less young and more or less amateur workers a piece of advice.

The first scene, played in darkness, where the "cell" discusses Soviet problems, life, intellectual studies, love and so on, full of points necessary to the play and of underlined and obvious themes, is yapped and bawled in a fashion vulgar and confused beyond words. I have never in one sitting heard so much bad English and ugly sound. Mr. Biberman's directing had certain energetic elements to it, but was too often noisy and raucous. In the leading role he showed himself an actor with some talent and much confidence. The first thing I should say to the Studio is to get to work on the players, on voices and on speaking English. The argument that these rough fellows in the Soviet "cell" would sound like that is very weak; even if we insist on having realism of the strictest sort, the fact remains that the voices would be varied and sometimes intensified, not so often merely raw and strident, and that there would be rhythms of high and low, emphases of diverse color in the tones. The first thing I should tell them with regard to speaking English would be that you cannot stress syllables right and left where no stress belongs. This defect, which is increasing in our theater and in the more vulgar American speech, appears chiefly where the syllable has an *e* in it: reeepublic, beeecause, beeeside, and so on. Such accenting throws off the rhythm of words themselves and defeats the right rhythm of the spoken language. There is enough wrong stressing in the first scene of "Red Rust" to make it a lesson in what not to do with English in case you feel you must speak it.

This Russian play, as is well known, has spread to numerous capitals in the world and with a very real success. Its virtue lies essentially in its profound and moving theme, in the exhibition made of the glory and destruction of human life as it exercises itself in its passion, theory and mutual dependence. The expressions of surprise, often heard, that the Soviet, of whose censorship and suppressions we read so much, should have permitted the production of such a play, seem to me quite unfounded. Nothing could be more complimentary to that regime than the way in which "Red Rust" presents a kind of superjustice, a justice above the mechanics of laws.

There is a great deal of good acting and much good writing in Mr. Mayer's "Children of Darkness." The attempt at *genre* that it represents is in itself interesting; the development of the story and its cross-currents of ideas are highly promising. What, more than anything else, has held it back from a better critical acclaim has been, I think, the acting of Mr. Basil Sydney in the leading male role, that of the nobleman who has been three years in prison for debt and has meanwhile got entangled with the jailer's daughter. To laymen in the department of acting, Mr. Sydney must present a baffling problem, which they may not even recognize as a problem. His reading of the line seems intelligent, his diction, voice, poise seem excellent. The trouble is a subtle one and consists in a habit of letting the scene die between every two speeches; nothing has a rhythm beyond itself; there is no projection. There is no sequence in the emphasis of the various sections in the character's dramatic career. This last is a highly technical point, but we have only to watch the excellent performance of Miss Mary Ellis in the other leading role to see what I mean. There is something she establishes at every turn in the scenes; you know perfectly the progress of the character's emotions, the state of her fortunes and her meaning in the play, at every stage of the plot. At the very end of the play, most of the deeper point of it depends on the culmination of events that takes place in this ruined and reprobate nobleman's soul; he experiences, in a manner, a conversion within the dregs of his aristocratic nature; his final actions are to make the play bitterer and more effective. Mr. Sydney is exactly the same between his speeches here as anywhere else in the play. In sum, any one of his speeches, however well delivered, could be spoken at any point in the play without making much difference in the dramatic pressure of the scene. This, in an actor's art, is one of those inmost problems involving energy, concentration, projection and *rapport*, about which little can be done.

Of "Dishonored Lady," Miss Katharine Cornell's newest vehicle, the less said the better, but there are some points connected with the occasion that might be of interest.

The play, though mere trash as thought, life, literature or dramatic substance, has, nevertheless, a considerable theatrical continuity. The themes are never developed; there is never any real venture or exploration into what truth is involved; the deep matters touched upon are left as a shallow novelist would leave them, passed through as a spoon through soup with no perception of the savor. But there is a certain hollow progression from obvious motive to obvious motive, until we reach the obvious, undepressingly tragic dénouement. Skill of a sort there is.

"Dishonored Lady" is one of those plays that—like those souls in Dante who missed both Heaven and Hell, and beside whom even the damned took glory—would be better if it were worse. It could be either more melodramatic and frankly after thrills, good old gay, raw theater, or it could be more significant, felt matter done with less theatrical proficiency, a case of genuine substance struggling, somewhat vainly perhaps, to discover a form for itself.

The settings are in poor taste and seem strangely common in the richest and most elegant theater left to New

York. The acting is adequate enough, but is the generally inconsequent performance of a company concerned with hack material.

Of Miss Katharine Cornell it is time now to stop saying that she gives a fine performance in a poor play. We may truly say that she presents for us the spectacle of her effective stage presence and personality. She has a theatrical click to her, a moving and certain theatricality—even in her strange, intense diction and attack on the simplest speech—beyond any one in our theater. Thanks to the mysterious nature of the art of acting, she can appear to be enacting an intense and seemingly subtle drama—whose subtlety is as much a personal quality as any matter of interpretation—in the midst of a surrounding vacuous rubbish. That much is true.

But a piece of acting involves content after all; to be intense and elaborate about a hollow, stale passage of stage writing tends either to make it seem more inadequate and empty than ever, or else to make the actor seem oddly commoted about very little. The very theatricality which such an actress as Miss Cornell possesses, and which is so fitting in a high and complex dramatic medium—"Candida," for instance—makes such a play as this at the Empire seem only less convincing, and the whole occasion seem only more pretentious and regrettable.

Or, if the dramatist refuses to face his matter—which, in the case of "Dishonored Lady," would run toward Strindberg or some other dangerous revelation—and the actress to resort to good, exciting raw head and bloody bones, then it would be wise for her to study Sarah Bernhardt, who went the whole length and made no pretense about the way in which she took trash sheerly as an excuse for obliging us with the raw thrills of magnificence, with patent but splendid stage tricks, exits and entrances of the vastest excitement, lingerings, emotional torrents, caged passions beating at golden bars, clothes, jewels, operatic scope, frank egotism exploited in cosmic gestures, and sheer glamor shamelessly laid on for its own sake.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Steichen and Commercial Art

SIR: In his article entitled "Carl Sandburg and Photography," appearing in your issue of January 22, it seems to me that although Mr. Paul Rosenfeld has well indicated the "tilt" of the book, he might have more fully emphasized its thesis and the fact that the photographs are closely intended to illustrate and prove it. This thesis proclaims commercial art to be the great art of today, and all else, generously lumped under the category of "art for art's sake," to be born dead. Furthermore, it might be pointed out that this profound credo is a joint one, for the poet frequently quotes the photographer.

For instance, that modest comparison implied in the statement about the artists of the Renaissance, which Mr. Rosenfeld attributes to Sandburg, the latter says was "pointed out" to him by Steichen. Here, however, are a few direct quotations of the photographer by the poet:

> Practically all artists who do commercial work [today] do it with their noses turned up. They want to earn enough money to get out of commercial art so as to take up pure art for art's sake. That viewpoint doesn't interest me; I know what there is to know about it—and I'm through with it. I welcome the chance to work in commercial art. If I can't express the best that's in me through such advertising photographs as "Hands Kneading Dough," then I'm no good.
>
> The very reasons which artists and art writers have given as the reasons which have kept us from having great art today are the very reasons which are giving art to us. This is because we live in a commercial age. Commercialism, say these artists and art writers, destroys art. As a matter of fact, the great art in any period was produced in collaboration with the particular commercialism of that period—or by revolutionists who stood clear and clean outside that commercialism and fought it tooth and nail and worked for its destruction. In the twilight zone of the "art for art's sake" school all things are still-born.

This indeed is a startlingly revolutionary prophetic argument, a real contribution to esthetics. At last the long-sought-for, much needed measuring stick: great art seeks to destroy or ties up with big business; all other is "art for art's sake . . . still-born."

Now the significance of this revelation both for the artist and for the whole community cannot be overestimated. They should quickly compare the commercial photographs in this book, and others appearing monthly in Vogue and Vanity Fair, with those Stieglitz prints in the Metropolitan and Boston Museums to see how dead art for art's sake really is—and then act! Collectors, lay off the Renoirs, don't buy Cézanne or Marin! Get busy with your scissors on the back numbers of The Cosmopolitan and the old Masses with a special eye to Harrison Fisher and Robert Minor! Or if you are not a true collector, but occasionally buy what you spontaneously enjoy, don't purchase anything! Get gratis the passionate penetration of life gleaming on the billboard of the young Adonis who would walk a mile for a Camel! And you who care for poetry or prose need not acquire the books of Joyce or even of Sandburg, all art for art's sake stuff. The living thing is there, free, in streetcar and magazine: those profound and moving songs which celebrate the major tragedies of "B. O." or the infinite pathos of "No Sox Appeal."

But the most important contribution of this book, its real message, is for the artists themselves. Sandburg in a fine burst of poetic ardor describes the large New York advertising agency alluringly: "offices having rooms, walls and corridors that speak, sing and meditate." Composers, poets and prosemen, painters, photographers, scientists and philosophers, take the tip! As Professor Dewey points out in the same number of The New Republic, we are moving more and more into a corporate age, and big mergers in the industrial fabric have their intellectual and moral counterparts. If you hesitate to merge, think of the symphony that could sell Lux, the divine drama putting over Forhan's and only waiting for a form!

Mr. Rosenfeld sees the thesis of this book "tilted to deny spirit." He sees truly; the book, as a whole, is not merely a tilt; it's a push-over.

New York City. PAUL STRAND.

SIR: This point is well taken. If I centered on Sandburg and not on Steichen, it was only for the reason that Sandburg was once a spiritual force, and his words still bear weight.

New York City. PAUL ROSENFELD.

Abolish the Battleship!

SIR: The article of Mr. Brailsford in your issue of December 25, is not the first to recommend the abolition of the battleship. Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy discusses the matter in his book entitled "Peace or War." He reminds us that:

> After the battle of Trafalgar in the Napoleonic Wars in 1805, it needed another ten years to bring France and her allies to their knees.

He then imagines a great gladiatorial contest between two rival battleship fleets of America and England on the Atlantic or the Pacific, and proceeds to say that a fight between these mighty fleets, built up at such cost and self-sacrifice as he has described, will not end that particular war.

> Many thousands of officers and men, the very cream of their race, will have perished, the triumphs of the engineers' and

naval architects' arts will be sunk in the depths of the ocean, the savings and the financial resources of the people concerned will have been blown away, and the bankruptcy of civilization will have been declared.

His conclusion is a striking one and deserves to be fully and thoroughly considered in the light of all the arguments pro and con. It is as follows:

> Unless the peoples concerned have taken leave of their senses, they will insist on all the existing battleships being taken out into deep water on a suitable day, and after appropriate religious ceremonies, sunk; and they will agree never again to build anything bigger than a light cruiser for police duties in the more distant seas.

His argument follows a different line from that of Mr. Brailsford, with which, however, it is entirely consistent, and both seem strongly to support the proposal.

Halifax, N. S. B. RUSSELL.

Bryan in 1920 and 1924

SIR: The review by your Mr. Lovett of "Bryan" in a recent issue of The New Republic includes the following:

> In 1920 he had no seat in the Democratic convention, and in 1924 he was howled down with his straddling plank on the Ku Klux Klan.

In 1920, Mr. Bryan was not satisfied with only taking care of his famous First District of Nebraska, but made up a straight Bryan ticket for the Nebraska delegates going to the San Francisco convention, and despite the opposition of the combined administration forces, including Senator Hitchcock and National Committeeman Mullin, carried the state overwhelmingly, electing his friend, Judge Thompson, as National Committeeman, and then took his old position as a member of the National Resolutions Committee at that convention.

Being a delegate to that convention myself, from Kentucky, I am acquainted with his great fight on that occasion to put in a dry plank, but even his best friends, including myself, fell victims to the propaganda of the liquor crowd that "Prohibition is now the law of the nation; the people are not only reconciled but have accepted it; it is no longer an issue with the public and the party should direct its attention to matters of greater importance." But we all learned, as usual, that Mr. Bryan was right and we were all wrong.

Mr. Bryan was not howled down at the New York convention, although he was interrupted a great deal at the beginning, and while it required a great deal of courage to make such an address under the circumstances, nevertheless his address received rapt attention and applause toward its close.

The Bryan plank was an effort, as he said, to avoid religious strife and not start "a prairie fire of religious prejudice throughout the country"—which we went through in the very next campaign.

Instead of being "howled down," when the vote was taken Mr. Bryan's plank was adopted.

Louisville, Ky. P. H. CALLAHAN.

We Dare, and Do

SIR: In your editorial "Christian Science and Free Speech" [The New Republic, January 15] you state that the important question is "whither or not the rank and file of the Christian Scientists approve of the violation of the principle of free speech" etc.

It is my opinion, gentlemen, that you should continue to consider and re-consider what Christian Scientist's attitude as individuals and as a collective, influential religious body do and should do regarding obnoxious remarks and publications. After you had received that letter from the Kansas City church you so proudly quote, you should understand that the by-laws governing the Science church and it's members plainly states that "a member of this church shall not patronize a publishing house or book store that has for sale obnoxious books." Furthermore, you should know that when a church or any individual representing or connected with it informs you, any book store or publisher that you or they are handling any book or material objectionable to their religion or founder of that religion, and that unless destroyed, put off sale or not advertised that they as member of that church will not patronize such publisher, or store, then you should know how the rank and file of Christian Scientists feel upon this point. All Scientists know these by-laws before they are admitted to membership, and of course they are united in apposing anything as abjectionable as Scribners and you are trying to interest the people in.

Since there is one authorized biography of Mrs. Eddy's life written by one not a Christian Scientist, on the market for sale in book stores, what motive and justice is inspiring any publisher to try to sell something containing misleading, objectionable, and false statements about one, whose loving followers would be the public most interested in such a book, if fair, true and trustworthy? The publishers of The New Republic should know that all Christian Scientists are most certainly and sincerely in harmony with their church and church autorities in opposing in any ligitimate manner, the publication and distribution of any obnoxious material regarding their church or founder. Can you blame them?

Christian Scientists are not dumb ignorant beasts easily led or mis-lead. They are constantly alive to the ways and acts of it's officials, and I am very sure your attitude toward them is the reflection of a very biased and inconsiderate mind and apparent lack of good judgement.

How long do you think a store in New York or even the Saturday Evening Post would last if they adopted a policy of maliciously lambasting the Pope or any official of the Catholic church? Suppose they or you should continually ridecule the Catholic religion or it's past history: what would happen? You know you could not even produce and show a movie in New York or anywhere reflecting upon the Catholic church or religion. WHY DO YOU NOT ATTACK THE CATHOLIC'S ATTITUDE TOWARD FREE SPEECH? WHY DON'T SCRIBNERS? WHY DOES NOT THE NEW YORK TIMES? WHY DOES NOT THE SATURDAY EVENING POST? THEY DON'T DARE, AND YOU DON'T DARE. IS'N'T IT THE TRUTH?

Superior, Wis. RALPH E. GREENFIELD.

"To Study Mexican Life and Culture"

SIR: The annual "Seminar in Mexico" holds its fifth session in Mexico City, July 5 to 25. The Seminar affords an opportunity to a group of representative citizens of the United States to study the life and culture of the Mexican people. During the past four years it has been attended by educators, journalists, clergymen (Jewish, Protestant and Catholic), lawyers and business men. The program includes lectures by the leaders of Mexican life, educational, artistic, governmental. Controversial questions are presented by spokesmen for opposing views. The Seminar is planned as an objective study of the moving forces in Mexico, and is committed to no creedal, economic or political point of view. The critical discussion centers in the round-table groups which will be led this year by Professor J. Fred Rippy of Duke, Professor Chester Lloyd Jones of Wisconsin, Mr. Carleton Beals of Mexico, Dr. Ernest Gruening of Portland, Dr. John A. Lapp of Marquette and Mr. Paul U. Kellogg of The Survey.

The members of the Seminar are given the opportunity to visit typical schools, villages and archaeological monuments. Trips to outlying sections of Mexico are arranged for those who can remain for an additional week or two.

The Seminar is a coöperative, non-profit undertaking.

We shall be glad to hear from men and women who are interested in international relations, and whose professional or business connections give them an opportunity to influence public opinion. Letters should be addressed to the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

New York City.

Farewell and Hail

Goodbye to All That, by Robert Graves. New York: Cape and Smith. 430 pages. $3.

Poems 1929, by Robert Graves. London: The Seizin Press. 31 pages. 8s. 6d.

IN A DAY when minor poets generally are apt to consider themselves the insulted and injured, Robert Graves has seemed a quietly independent exception. Obviously a masculine creature himself—a refreshing rarity in a profession encumbered with beings of doubtful sex—his verse, his intellectual interests, have also been stoutly masculine. In his autobiography he tells us more, and tells us more clearly than his increasingly crabbed, increasingly noncommittal poetry has been able to do, what manner of man he has been, and what kind of world he inhabited. We use the past tense at his request, for, says Graves, "This is a story of what I was, not what I am." It is a book which will be read by many more people than will ever come to grips with Graves's uncouth muse.

Graves is the product of a mixture of races: his paternal grandfather was Protestant Bishop of Limerick; his maternal grandfather was a Saxon, von Ranke. In the War, his family was a divided house. Graves's father was an inspector of schools for the Southwark district of London, and also wrote poetry. When he told his children stories, he always began: "And so the old gardener blew his nose on a red pocket handkerchief." When the infant Robert was taken in his perambulator to Wimbledon Common, he was often patted by Swinburne, "an inveterate pram-stopper and patter and kisser." The boy grew up to be shy, independent and awkward. At fourteen he entered Charterhouse, and was decidedly unpopular there. He was not very good at games, though he was strong, and his dislike of authority and unwillingness to conform to gentlemanly traditions kept him in pretty constant hot water. He learned to box, however, and his proficiency stood him in good stead. One of the few close friends he made at school was George Mallory, the famous mountain climber, who afterwards died on Mt. Everest. Mallory was a master at Charterhouse; he, too, was unpopular because he despised the rigid public-school code of manners. In vacations he took Graves climbing in the Welsh mountains. Another school friend of Graves's, whom he calls Dick, later turned out to be a homosexual. "For every one born homosexual," says Graves, "there are at least ten permanent pseudo-homosexuals made by the public-school system."

War broke out the summer he finished Charterhouse. In October he was to go to Oxford, where he had won an exhibition at St. John's; he was not eager to go. So he enlisted. He went to an officers' training camp, and got a commission in a crack line regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers. This is a very proud regiment (as may be seen by the way it spells its name): the only blot on its scutcheon was the fact that it had once surrendered—at Yorktown—to General Washington. When Graves joined the Royal Welch in France, it was public-school life all over again. Morale was high, discipline was Prussian; junior officers, and especially "outsiders," were treated like contemptible neophytes. Of all this, however, Graves speaks with good humor; he did not like the system, but he admits that all this parade-ground barking and stiff etiquette in the face of death made fine soldiers. Gradually he learned to conform, and was grudgingly accepted by his brother officers as a good, if not a particularly smart soldier. And when he was severely wounded by a shell in the battle of the Somme and reported "died of wounds," his colonel wrote such a nice letter to Mrs. Graves: "I very much regret to have to write and tell you your son has died of wounds. He was very gallant, and was doing so well and is a great loss. . . ." Graves did discover one congenial soul among these Junkers: Siegfried Sassoon was an officer in the same battalion. Sassoon distinguished himself for his reckless bravery, but in the summer of 1917 published a "Soldier's Declaration" in an English newspaper, saying that he refused to fight any longer in a war which he had come to believe "a war of aggression and conquest." Graves, who was himself in a rather bad way from "shell shock," persuaded the military medical board to send Sassoon to a hospital instead of to a court-martial.

The first and last corpses Graves saw in France were soldier suicides. Executions for military offenses were frequent:

> My first direct experience of official lying was when I was at the base at Le Havre in May, 1915, and read the back-files of army orders in the officers' mess at the rest-camp. There were something like twenty reports of men shot for cowardice or desertion; yet not a week later the responsible minister in the House of Commons, answering a question from a pacifist member, had denied that sentence of death for a military offense had been carried out in France on any member of His Majesty's forces.

Atrocities were rumored, even in France; Graves takes the sensible position that probably both sides committed them, though, doubtless, they were much rarer than the rumors. As for rape: "We did not believe that rape was any more common on the German side of the line than on the Allied side. It was unnecessary . . . I had seen a queue of a hundred and fifty men waiting outside the door [of the army brothel at Béthune] each to have his short turn with one or the other of the three women in the house. . . . Each woman served nearly a battalion of men for as long as she lasted. The assistant provost-marshal had told me that three weeks was the usual limit, 'after which the woman retires on her earnings, pale but proud.'"

Graves never completely recovered from his wounds, and the Armistice found him in England in command of a camp at Rhyl. At the same time came word of the death of two more friends in France. "The news sent me out walking alone along the dyke above the marshes . . . cursing and sobbing and thinking of the dead."

In January, 1918, Graves married Nancy Nicholson, the daughter of William Nicholson, the artist. A year later he decided to go to Oxford at last; they rented a cottage at the bottom of John Masefield's garden, on Boar's Hill. Here he was in the midst of a post-war poets' colony: besides Masefield, there were Edmund Blunden, Robert Nichols, Robert Bridges and others. T. E. Lawrence was a Fellow of All Soul's; and he and Graves became fast friends: so much so, that when Lawrence wrote his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" he sent a copy to Graves, marked "Please sell when read," which brought over £300, and slammed the Graveses' door once more in the wolf's muzzle. For the Graveses were very poor; four children were born in fairly rapid succession, and it took time to learn to be provident. For a while they tried running a shop on Boar's Hill: at first it was a *succès d'estime*, then a bad failure. They moved to Islip, on the other side of Oxford, to a cottage called "World's End," and here things were not much better. When Graves was offered a teaching appointment in the new University of Cairo, he took

it, and the family had a brief Egyptian interlude, followed by a return to Islip. In May of last year Graves and his wife separated. The autobiography ends with an epilogue to Laura Riding, with whom Graves had collaborated on several books of criticism, and with whom he is now in partnership in The Seizin Press. The epilogue is very different from the rest of the book: it is neither explicit nor direct.

For, on the whole, Graves has told a story remarkable not so much for its events as for its manner—cool, detached, straightforward: this is emotion recollected in tranquility. In England the book has apparently made a great to-do, not only because of its ungentlemanly revelations about "things that are not talked about," such as soldier suicides, military executions, semi-official army brothels, homosexuality among schoolboys, and so on; but chiefly, it is to be suspected, for the calm detachment—which to its readers may seem irony—with which Graves has reviewed such sanctities as the English code of the gentleman, both in the public school and in its child, the officers' mess.

Few men have been able to make as good an impression—an impression of candor, level-headedness, good sense—as Robert Graves on the reader of his autobiography. That a poet may be sensible as good citizens are sensible, that a poet may be strong as athletes are strong, should not be, perhaps, the matter for surprised congratulation that we make it, when we are given the opportunity. But the author of "Fairies and Fusiliers," in writing this prose apology for an interrupted life, has cast off the old Adam. He is only incidentally an autobiographer; professionally he is a poet. "Goodbye to All That" is a negation of what has been; in "Poems 1929" we are to find a statement of what is and what's to come. We have said goodbye to all that; now we must say hello to all this. Unfortunately, it is hard to tell what we are greeting. In these twenty-five poems, the product of the Graves and Riding Seizin Press, there may be health, but there is little sense.

Towards the end of his autobiography, Graves makes a sweeping disclaimer of all the opinions expressed there; and, if we are to take him at his word, we must suppose that his views on poetry have also changed. If they have, it is a pity, for of all the definitions of poetry extant, I have thought Graves's the plainest, the soundest, the most fundamental: the only one which approached a true definition, because it was also an explanation. He repeats it in his autobiography, but in an ominously reminiscent tone: "I regarded poetry as, first, a personal cathartic for the poet suffering from some inner conflict, and then as a cathartic for readers in a similar conflict." How different are his present notions may be guessed by the following stanza (from "Guessing Black or White") in "Poems 1929":

> His mother was a terrier bitch,
> His father a Dalmatian,
> Guessing black or white,
> Not black because white
> Because black because white;
> Not white because black
> Because white because black,
> Guessing black or white.

There has evidently been an alliance here with the ghostly forces of Gertrude Stein. Either Graves has changed his opinion of what constitutes poetry, or he has lost sight of his readers from too much pondering in distorted mirrors.

T. S. Matthews.

New York, New Haven and Hartford

On the Make, by John Riordan. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

SOME of these stories seem rather pointless, and all are the work of a more or less immature writer. Yet they have a curious original quality which gives distinction to the book as a whole, in spite of the fact that most of the separate pieces are unsatisfactory in themselves. Mr. Riordan's scenes are usually laid in those hard, square, heavy Connecticut cities, massive and prison-like in their brick dinginess, where the rigor of New England is combined with the grimness of industry; and he has extracted from the lives of the young people who grow up in them—town boys, Yale Sheff students, girls they take for rides or to dances or pick up around the bandstand—an unexpected kind of beauty.

Mr. Riordan tells these stories in a special language—which owes nothing, so far as I can see, to that of any other hard-boiled writer—in which the idiom of the young people themselves is blended incongruously and piquantly with a charming lyric phrase and cadence. Mr. Riordan's style is not always happy:

> Miriam was getting in the good looks at Don while his attention was distracted to Mrs. Leicester. He stood next her in this picture group of young loveliness dear to the heart of a mother. Then her eyes were cast down as if she were shy. She was dressed in a pure white silk dress and looked something like the snow queen.

Such a passage might suggest that Mr. Riordan wrote badly in the same sort of way as Mr. Dreiser. But here is a love scene among the factories and car-tracks:

> They came to a small bridge crossing a scrawny stream, which was to be ruined by a pickling brine passing from a factory down-stream. They were alone and lost to the view. The nearest street was dim in the dark, barely showing the white clapboard houses of the factory workers.
>
> He said, "I never thought it would happen as nice as this. This is the best thing that ever happened in this old town, and they'll never know it."
>
> He stood with his arm around her, her head on his shoulder, watching the struggling stream eluding the rocks in order to be able to penetrate to the place where it would receive the pickling brine. They stood without talking, continuing in their trance. Nothing marred the solemnity of that night.
>
> Marya's senses were keener as she skipped into the house and carefully went by the father's door. There was a strong steaming sound. The old boy was full to the gills. Her mother murmured from the darkness, "Is that you, darling?" She hurried to bed to catch the falling feathers of thought while they settled.

The flatness of some of these stories as anecdotes results from the fact that they are the impressions of adolescence, and that Mr. Riordan, when he wrote them, had not yet arrived at a definite point of view which would enable him to give them a sharper significance. But by his fresh feeling for atmosphere and character, he promises something more solid. The fact that he is content to present these lives without resorting to conventional devices for the pur-

pose of making his stories effective is not necessarily to his discredit: it indicates that the peculiar interest which he feels in his subjects—his peculiar taste for the contrast of young and crude desires, young, mysterious and casual love, with crude, implacable and inhuman surroundings—makes them seem to him to justify themselves even when he leaves them a little in the air. At any rate, when we read his book through, he succeeds in communicating to us that interest and making us share that taste; and it is out of such absorption in one's material that all first-rate fiction comes.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Rise and Decline of Labor Banking

The Labor Banking Movement in the United States, prepared by the Industrial Relations Section of Princeton University. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 377 pages. $2.50.

THIS much needed study lets the light in upon the labor-banking movement, for which so many extravagant claims have been made during the last decade. Initiated by a complex of motives, labor banking grew rapidly for six years until, at its apogee in 1926, thirty-six banks with total resources of one hundred and twenty-seven millions were in operation. But the many unsound practices which had been indulged in were then slowly coming to the surface and, following the exposure of the true nature of the far-flung ventures into which Warren Stone had hurried the engineers, the movement went into an inevitable decline. This continued until by last summer fourteen banks had disappeared or had been transferred to other hands, while the resources had fallen by 15 percent. Nor is the end in sight, for still more banks are on the verge of liquidation or transfer.

What have been the forces which have caused the movement to fall away? Apparently these four—incompetence, ignorance, misguided enthusiasm and dishonesty. Stone grossly mismanaged the investments of the banks in the Brotherhood of Engineers chain and of the pretentious security companies which he organized. The final blow which toppled over the complicated but shaky financial structure which he had reared was the collapse of the gigantic flier which he took in Florida real estate in a frantic effort to recoup. His management of the Brotherhood's affairs, of which the most charitable interpretation is that it was caused by megalomania or by delusions of grandeur, was perhaps the most severe blow at the pocketbooks and prestige of unionism which the labor movement of this country has ever suffered.

Nor unfortunately was it alone. The Pittsburgh bank, after an unsuccessful career, succumbed to a bond swindle which ought not to have deceived even a tyro. The Philadelphia bank was guilty of stock-jobbing and of loaning heavily to discredited borrowers, while the records of the Tucson and Los Angeles banks were almost as bad. The bank sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment workers was in turn forced to lend that union nearly $400,000 to finance a strike, and this sum was repaid only by the union's gradually disposing of its holdings.

But while the banks have on the average been financial failures, some honorable exceptions should be noted. The Amalgamated Bank of New York has not only prospered but has rendered conspicuous service to the workers by handling foreign remittances, by helping to finance its remarkable coöperative-apartment project and in a number of other ways. The Federation Bank of New York, with less imagination, has, nevertheless, managed its affairs with circumspection and efficiency. A number of smaller banks have also done well.

Progressive critics of old-time leadership in the labor movement should ponder over the fact that banks managed respectively by Presidents Berry of the Pressmen and Lewis of the Miners, who have in the past been singled out for attack by them, seem to have been conducted with integrity and with more than average ability.

Compared with the dubious achievements of the decade, the lofty air of self-abnegation with which the banks at their inception limited dividends upon their stock to 10 percent and promised to share their profits coöperatively with the depositors, furnishes an ironical example of how initial high-mindedness is worth but little if it is not buttressed through the years with technical competence and with permanent integrity.

The buffets which it has suffered may force the movement to a sounder course in the future, but the record thus far, with a number of honorable exceptions, is vivid testimony to the hollowness which so frequently lies back of grandiose efforts to establish the New Jerusalem. In the labor banks of the twentieth century, as in the communistic colonies of the nineteenth, the idealist, the ignoramus and the impostor were all too commonly mixed together, not only in the same organization but even in the same persons. The combination is deadly.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

Europa

Europa, and Other Poems and Sonnets, by Rolfe Humphries. New York: Crosby Gaige. Limited Edition, 350 copies, printed in Holland. 57 pages. $3.50.

MR. HUMPHRIES' is not the kind of verse that excites the public: the poet successfully conceals, perhaps deliberately, his personality. There is no dramatizing of his own life; he is not concerned to let us know that he is living one. It is a poetry of delicate, sometimes diffused and sometimes controlled perception. The theme is usually abstract, impersonal — death, impermanence — or some trivial incident that illuminates the abstract theme. So much for his chance with the public. As for the poets, they will not be able to learn anything from Humphries, for he writes easily in a manner comfortable for him; but this manner is not a style. Its character is too unfixed. Take these lines on a passionate woman:

> Pity her, poor automaton!
> It cannot be so very good
> To fall in love with flesh and blood
> And have it clearly understood
> That one is permanently wood.

Mr. Humphries' manner is, of course, the most difficult of all to elevate into a style. It is not personally expressive; it is impersonal, and it is made up of common words; it tends to lie flat unless considerable skill is exercised in arranging climaxes and overtones. The following lines, by another poet, begin as flatly as anything in Humphries; but observe the sudden climax at the end, the almost imperceptible transition from flat words to rhetorical splendor, without violating the even tone of the *manner* which is a quality underlying the passage and holding it together, and distinct from the stylistic effect:

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The pleasant whining of a mandoline
A clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon—
Where the walls of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendor of Ionian white and gold.

Mr. Humphries has manner and tone, but not style.

For this reason, I believe, the best poems out of thirty-four collected here are the sixteen sonnets. There are excellent passages in the miscellaneous work, but on the whole the poems are a little diffuse; they do not quite come off in the end. The sonnets, however, are almost invariably, but within Humphries' limits, successful. The writing is much more compact; the images more certain; the poem is rounded off, complete. Here is the sestet from "Homo Additus Naturae"—a title reminding us that Humphries is an excellent Latinist:

Some day a ragged, curious old man
Will come and sun his reminiscent bones,
Hungry to keep what permanence he can,
The potent trees, the dull magnetic stones,
Still unaware how cunningly they drew
Him into them, long since, when he was you.

The reason for his greater success with the sonnet seems to lie in the conventional demands of that form. He takes a single idea; exposes it in the octet; resolves its meaning in the sestet. It becomes a kind of conceit which Humphries with great delicacy plays upon. The fixed character of the sonnet form permits this, and helps him to avoid the diffuseness of his work in the freer forms. For the flatness of his manner is, perhaps, due to a lack of emotional intensity, and he requires the conceit to give it point. In each sonnet we get, instead of concentrated feeling, surprise.

ALLEN TATE.

Notes on Novels

Fugitive's Return, by Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $2.50.

A WOMAN, whose life is so completely at an end that the mere act of drinking deadly powders holds little significance for her, is suddenly interrupted in her last task and sent off to Greece on the passport of another. Not taking part in any life, not speaking, living as in a dream, she drifts to Delphi and there makes a place for herself among the Greek peasants. Because she is selfless, power comes through her, power to stay pleasure in cruelty. She has only to stand silent, and the arm raised to stone a bird will fall. Finally, to save a mongrel dog from a mob bent on hanging him, she is forced to break this silence. With speech her old life comes back to her. While she is still overwhelmed by this life living itself vividly within her, she is led through love and again through pity to take a definite part in the world about her. Although idealizing the peasants, Miss Glaspell admits their cruelty and makes her Delphi more real than her Iowa. In the part dealing with Greece she has not only created the actual scene, but has touched upon its deeper implications. The middle part of the book, which deals with the heroine's childhood in Iowa, has somehow less of this power than the rest; in it we find preoccupation with the same patterns that lie beneath "Brook Evans," the relation of the child to her mother, of love surrendered through cowardice and inadequacy. Yet the child is so definitely the woman that at no time does the interlude threaten to become a story separate from the other, but gives it solidity

and truth. "Fugitive's Return" is one of Miss Glaspell's finest novels; in depth and in artistic feeling it is one of the exceptional novels of the year. E. F.

The Miracle of Peille, by J. L. Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE" is a novel which will appeal to all believers in the supernatural. It is spoiled for all realists by the author's consistent refusal to show his hand. Are we, his audience of both fundamentalists and modernists, to accept literally his statements about the wounds in the palms and on the forehead of Thérèse Ursule Corbeille, the celestial light that sometimes enveloped her, her bodily radiance three months after death? Or is this merely to be taken as a report of what the peasants of Peille devoutly believed? If the performance of a miracle is based on faith, we can see, with Mr. Campbell, how things could happen in the mountains so near to, yet remote from, Monte Carlo, which could not come to pass in New York, whither Thérèse is brought to heal the lame and the blind on the stage of a vaudeville theater. There is a bit of humor in the ignorant girl-hermit's interview with the newspaper men and their rendering of her views on Aimée MacPherson and the value of a college education; exactness in the superficial pictures of Broadway denizens; and some beauty in the description of the natural life around the village of Peille.

W. T.

The Love of Jeanne Ney, by Ilya Ehrenbourg. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IT IS not easy to find out just what sort of book "The Love of Jeanne Ney" is. It deals seriously with the Russian Revolution; its hero dies on the guillotine by a miscarriage of justice; its themes are forgiveness, sacrifice and renunciation. In his extravagant use of melodrama, one feels that the author attempts consciously to derive justification from Dostoievsky. On the other hand, one is likely to forget the Dostoievsky influence and remember only analogous scenes from the movies. The chapter titles are in the Hugo tradition—"All This Was Necessary to Make the Birds Sing"; "This is Not One of Perrault's Fairy Stories"—and Mr. Ehrenbourg uses Hugo's mock-ironic method of narration. The swashbuckle of the melodrama casts doubt on the seriousness of the theme; one is inclined to think that this is nothing but a high-toned and pretentious adventure story. Yet the effect of the pain and the tragedy cannot be entirely discounted, and there is freshness in the use of this spy-story technique for deep sorrow and heroic defeat. L. T.

Contributors

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